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TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

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OUT TUESDAY 1d.

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"Of a pleasing piquant description, and based upon ingredients that are free from reproach."

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Please send a Post Card for any of my Departmental Catalogues post free to any address.

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YOURS FOR 10/6

NO FURTHER PAYMENTS REQUIRED WHATEVER.

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THE GREATEST AND MOST USEFUL NOVELTY OF THE AGE.

THE CHIMES IN YOUR OWN HOUSE. Height, 7½in. Width, 5½in.

CHIMES THE ¼, ½ & ¾ HOURS, and plays several bars of "HOME SWEET HOME" AT THE HOURS.

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PRICE POST FREE 10/6 Money returned in full if it fails to please.

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Purchase Direct at Wholesale Price. Fitted [illegible] with Clincher Tyres, [illegible] New Departure [illegible] Rim Brake, [illegible] sale List Free. CHAMPION Cycle Co., [illegible]

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The only remedy in the world for GOUT and RHEUMATISM that relieves and cures these complaints. Sure, safe, and effectual. The composition is purely vegetable. No restraint of diet during use. Ask for BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. All Chemists and Stores, at 1/1½ and 2/9 per box.

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KEATING'S POWDER PRESERVES THEM.

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THE MUSIC YOU LOVE BEST. CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Gr[illegible] Tone, [illegible] Accomp[illegible]

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.

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SPECIAL OFFER to the [illegible] "PEARSON'S WEEK[illegible]"

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon [illegible]
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Cut this out and send P.O.O. [illegible] with carriage paid in Gt. B[illegible]

TESTIMONIALS FROM ALL CLASSES. [illegible] CAMPBELL & CO., Musical Instrument Makers, [illegible] GLASGOW. Established [illegible]

N.B.—Beware of Worthless Imitations.

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TO SMOKERS! Make your own Cigarette, Sir, it is twice as good.

A.G. Best & Purest

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'OLD BUSHMILLS' THREE STAR WHISKY.

The Perfection of Pure Malt.

Is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

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TROUSERS AND KNICKERS FREE

For CYCLING, CRICKET, TENNIS, BOATING, or BUSINESS WEAR.

Until July 4th only, WE WILL GIVE, free of charge, to every purchaser of one of our Stylish and Fashionable Serge, Tweed, Cashmere, Flannel, &c., Suits, TO MEASURE, in all the Newest Summer Shades, at 27/6, 30/-, and 35/- or higher price, an extra pair of 7/6 TROUSERS, a pair of 7/6 CYCLING KNICKERS, or a pair of Flannel Trousers (white or colours), simply to advertise the undoubted excellence of our clothes. We do not ask you to buy "A PIG IN A POKE;" write for patterns, we will send them free, together with our registered self-measure chart; you can then see the quality of the material from which we offer to make you a suit at the above low prices. Please bear in mind that we can give you just as much satisfaction [illegible] with regard to fit, cut, style, [illegible] if you were to call at one of [illegible] establishments as under. The [illegible] will not be repeated, therefore be [illegible] in time to secure this FREE GIFT.

W. THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Limited, 3 Oxford St., London, W.; 84 Bishopsgate St. Without, London. (One Minute from Liverpool Street Station).

Splendid New Competition started in Tuesday's SHORT STORIES. Every reader of "P.W." with a Bradshaw's Index should enter.

The LADY'S MAGAZINE now selling at 6d.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

The LADY'S MAGAZINE now on sale. Price 6d.

No. 673. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 11, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

TOO HIGH TO REACH.

THE family were discussing the high prices of provisions generally, when a small boy butted into the conversation.

"Jam has gone up, too," he remarked. "Ma keeps it on the top shelf now."

And then it suddenly dawned on his youthful perceptions that he had injured his case by talking too much.

"THEY tell me Edith Pinkley is actually engaged again."

"Again? She seems to have the secret of eternal youth."

"OF course," sneered the youth sarcastically, "you think you know what's what!"

"No," replied the grey old father with fitting humility; "I simply know what used to be what when I was a boy."

BOREM (11.57 p.m.): "When I was a child my nurse made me afraid of the dark."

Miss Cutting: "Oh, that accounts for it."

Borem: "Accounts for what?"

Miss Cutting: "You are waiting for daylight so you can go home."

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER'S REJOINDER.

A POPULAR commercial traveller attended a large social gathering one evening, and after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of conversation the subject of business came up, and she said:

"By the way, Mr. Scott, may I ask what your occupation is?"

"Certainly," he answered. "I am a commercial traveller."

"How very interesting! Do you know, Mr. Scott, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travellers are not received in good society?"

Quick as a flash he rejoined:

"They are not here, either, madam."

MRS. MARTYR: "I must say, Jane, that I am not altogether pleased with your cooking."

Cook: "It ain't to be expected you should be at first, mum; but you'll get hedicated up to it in time."

WILSON: "I've lost that fine silk umbrella that I took to town to-day."

Mrs. Wilson: "Oh, what a pity!"

Wilson: "Still, there is one consolation—it wasn't mine!"

"How is your brother, Tommy?"

"Ill in bed, miss. He's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean farthest out of the window, and he won."

SCORED OVER THE BLACKSMITH.

A STUPID-LOOKING man halted before a blacksmith's shop, the owner of which was busy forging a shoe, and watched the work with much interest.

The smith, not altogether satisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under his nose, hoping to make him hurry off.

"If you will give me a shilling," said the man, not appearing in the least frightened, "I will lick it."

The smith was determined to put him to the test, so he took from his pocket the required coin, and offered it to the man.

The stupid-looking fellow snatched the coin, immediately licked it, then placed it in his pocket, and walked away whistling. The blacksmith was the stupid-looking one then.

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DAISY KNOWS.

Only a daisy
Down in a meadow dell,
But oh could Daisy whisper,
What stories she could tell;

For down the meadow someone trips!
With happy eyes and parted lips,
And why she smiles and where she goes,
And whom she meets there, Daisy knows!

Only a daisy
Down in a meadow dell,
And oh could Daisy tell it,
She'd keep the secret well.

'Tis dusk when someone comes that way,
And daisies sleep when skies are grey;
But though her drowsy eyes may close,
There's someone waiting—Daisy knows!

Only a daisy
Down in a meadow dell;
For you and I, and others
To do like her were well,

When whisp'ring lovers we surprise,
To hold our tongues and shut our eyes;
Since what they say, in whispers low,
And why and wherefore—ah, we know!

BY RETURN.

AN Oxford undergraduate was once out of funds, and wrote to his father asking for some money.

It did not come, and the student, being annoyed, sent the following telegram with answer paid:

"Where is the money?"

He received this answer by return:

"Here."

IN THE FUTURE.

"HAVE you sent off your wireless telegram?"

"Yes."

"And ordered your horseless carriage?"

"Yes."

"And paid off the motionless messenger boy?"

"Yes."

"Good. Let's go and get a glass of hopless beer."

FORESTALLING FATE.

IN some parts of the country the tapping of a bird round the house is looked upon by the superstitious as a warning.

A doctor was recently summoned in hot haste to a little Warwickshire farmhouse not many miles from Birmingham.

He found an old man in bed, but in perfect health, and asked why he had been sent for.

"Why, sir," replied the daughter-in-law, "there coom a little robin about the door; we knowed it was a 'call,' and we thought it must be granfer, so we put 'im in bed and sent for you."

"WHAT is your objection to him, papa?"

"Why, the fellow can't make enough money to support you."

"But neither can you."

MR. GOODMAN: "My little man, when I was your age I didn't smoke in the way you do."

Slum Child: "I should think not! Why, there ain't a kid in the alley that kin inhale like me."

MR. DE BROKER: "The bills my wife sends me from the seaside are ruinous."

Mr. De Sharp: "My wife didn't remain away two weeks."

"Eh? How did you manage it?"

"Hired a fellow to typewrite my letters to her, and scented the paper with violet."

TOOK IT IN BETWEEN THEM.

HELEN: "How long did you stay in Paris on your trip to France?"

Emma: "Oh, a week altogether."

Helen: "But surely you could not take in everything in such a short time?"

Emma: "But we did, all the same. You see, there were three of us. Mamma took in the picture galleries, I studied the shops and things, and papa examined the local colour in the cafés."

FATHER: "Do you think Mr. Softly is a profound thinker, my dear?"

Daughter (aged eighteen): "He doesn't need to be, papa. He says that after we are married he's going to think the same as I do in everything."

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (to newsboy at a Scottish railway station): "I say, when does the next train go."

Boy (after scratching his head for an instant): "A wee whiley aifter she whustles."

DOMESTIC (tremblingly): "Oh, please, I hears burglars in the house."

Mrs. Blinkers (reassuringly): "Most likely it's Mr. Blinkers just in from the club."

Domestic (positively): "No, mum, it's burglars. They haven't stumbled against anything at all."

WHY SHE DIED.

THE wife of a little country church sexton had died rather suddenly, and the vicar went to condole with the bereaved husband.

"Now, tell me how it happened," said the vicar.

"Well, sir, she was bad, and I went off for the doctor, four miles away, and when I gets there he was gone off somewhere else; so I turns back, and in coming home remembered I had a bottle of medicine which he guv me last year, so says I: 'That will do for the missus; so she takes it and dies.'"

Then, lighting up his pipe, the old sexton added: "Wasn't it a good job I didn't take it myself?"

"IT is a great mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you by encouraging someone else."

"Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

BORROUGHS: "No; I don't like Sharpleigh very much."

Gushington: "Ah! But when you get him in a reminiscent mood, isn't he really delightful?"

Borroughs: "Hardly! I got him in that mood once, and he recalled a five-pound loan he made me."

MABEL (apropos of new evening-dress which has just arrived from the dressmaker): "Oh, mother, how lovely! Do wear it to-night."

Mother: "No, dear, not to-night. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner."

Mabel: "Mother dear, do let's pretend, just for once, that father's a gentleman!"

WANTED THEM BACK.

A YORKSHIRE poacher, whose tackle had been found near the scene of his capture, pleaded that the things were not his, and his lawyer, adopting the plea, won the case.

"I suppose I go for good?" asked the poacher, turning to the magistrate as he left the dock.

"Yes," was the answer.

"And I can't be browt up again for this 'ere offence?"

"No," said the magistrate.

"You're sartin?" the man exclaimed in some excitement; and he was assured that there was no doubt at all.

"Then," said he, "I'll thank you, your worship, to kindly give me back my line an' my ferret!"

An original competition has just started in SHORT STORIES. One penny, every Tuesday.

SPLENDID SERIES.

TINSEL TRIUMPHS.

. . The True Adventures of an Actress. . .

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

The Woman with the Red Scar.

My companion gave a hurried order, which I did not catch, to the coachman, who whipped up his horses at once, and we drove silently in the direction of Piccadilly, as I supposed.

I turned to look at the woman who had offered me a seat in her brougham, and was struck by her extreme pallor, and the glittering, cold eyes she flashed upon me. She appeared to be labouring under some intense emotion, and at first I thought she must be ill.

"Are you feeling faint?" I said hastily. "Let me open one of the windows."

As I put my hand out to do so, I was amazed to see that instead of the ordinary clear glass, the windows of the carriage were made of opaque panes, through which it was hopeless to see; and that, try as I could, it was impossible to open the window on my side.

With a vague feeling of fear, I once again turned to my silent companion, and was surprised at the sudden change in her.

Her colour had returned almost feverishly, and a low laugh came from her scarlet lips as she noticed my start of amazement.

"Don't be anxious! Your concern is most flattering, Miss St. Lawrence!" and she laughed again, a new note of mockery in her voice.

I edged away instinctively, a fresh fear springing into my mind as to the sanity of my unknown hostess.

Suddenly a faint, almost imperceptible odour permeated to my nostrils—a sweet, sickening, overwhelming scent that made me catch my breath.

I rose quickly to my feet, battling with the awful conviction that my senses were leaving me, being drawn from me by the pungent aroma

that grew stronger each moment.

I fell back upon the cushioned seat helplessly, one firm white arm, from which the loose lace had fallen away, holding me down, while the other waved a handkerchief before me.

As I gazed vacantly, my last clear impression was that of a pair of cruel, gleaming eyes, and a round, marble-like wrist, scared by a deep crimson scar that stood out boldly like a splash of blood.

With a dawning sensation of unreality I opened my eyes and gazed into the shadowy gloom that made me think it was almost day.

At first I was content to just lie and wait, as I always did before Marie brought my morning cup of tea, but as the moments slipped by, and the silence grew more irksome, my clogged brain slowly regained consciousness, and I started from my recumbent attitude on a heaped-up divan with a stifled exclamation.

In a flash all came back to me. The mocking laugh and cruel eyes of the stranger who had lured me into her brougham, how long ago? Then of my sudden unaccountable helplessness, followed by a black cloud of insensibility.

I almost expected to find myself still in that noiseless brougham, accompanied by the woman whose personality had so fatally attracted me.

With my faculties once more braced to activity, and a strong desire to get to the root of such treatment, I sprang to my feet and threw a quick glance

round my temporary cage.

I was in a small, well-furnished apartment that bore evidence of good taste and distinct personality. The room was warm, and there was a fragrant bunch of lilies in a vase on the table.

The two windows, to which I next devoted my attention, were hung with heavy brocaded curtains, and looked down upon a gloomy courtyard.

Not a sound of the usual traffic of the London thoroughfare, came to my anxious ears, straining to catch the vibration of the great human tide, by which I had hoped to locate myself.

All was still, with that dull, heavy silence so strange a foreboding of coming evil; and, to add to my fear, a church clock some distance off struck seven.

With a renewal of desperate courage I turned to the door, which was also curtained by a *portière* of some Moorish design. Hastily grasping the handle, I pulled with all my strength to open it, but in vain, it was locked, and for the second time in my theatrical experience I stood a helpless prisoner, powerless, on this occasion, to find a way out of my dilemma.

What would Wilfrid think when I failed to go on for my "showy" part at the Duke of Cork's? No one knew of my appointment in the Park, and my non-appearance at the theatre would be attributed to any reason but the right one. Innuendo and ridicule would speedily become suspicion, as my absence grew more pronounced. And the beginning of the end would quickly follow, as I knew so well that my proud lover would never make a woman his wife whose name had become a peg upon which to hang a questionable story.

As these thoughts flashed through my brain, I realised the strength and depth of my affection for the man who had raised my life from the dead level of touring mediocrity to the fascinating and active one of a London actress.

And now, trapped and brain-racked by multitudinous doubts, fierce with bitter rage against my own culpable folly in so easily falling a victim, I saw before me a long vista of ignominy and scorn, when Wilfrid should throw me over, for, like all straight men with high ideals, I knew instinctively that he would never forgive.

Seeing that it was a waste of energy to attempt to open the door, or make myself heard, I sat down, and buried my face in my hands to think.

But it was useless, for my thoughts resolved themselves round one pivot, and that was the stern, cold face of Wilfrid—I could not get away from it, it haunted me, and at last I started afresh to my feet, and began to pace the room with quick, impatient steps that made no sound on the thick pile carpet.

As my eyes roved over every nook and corner of my prison, searching for some possible door that may have escaped my first frightened scrutiny, a long, life-sized oil painting attracted my attention.

It was half-hidden by curtains of a dull red brocade that fell to the ground on either side, doing duty for the usual gilt frame.

Acting on a sudden impulse, I went up and drew the draperies back, exposing to the dim light of the dying summer evening the likeness of a woman in the zenith of imperious beauty.

Startled by such an unexpected discovery, I fell back and gazed at the lovely face that smiled upon me from the canvas, the curved mouth suggesting a nature both passionate and cruel.

As I looked, an unaccountable conviction stole over me that somewhere before I had seen that face, not so fresh or bewitching as on the canvas perhaps, but the eyes had met mine for a brief moment on

some hazy and unremembered occasion.

The likeness was that of a woman in her prime. She was clad in some white, gauzy attire that clung to the exquisite lines of her figure as a sari does to that of the women of the East.

Her eyes and hair were of that dark shade hidden in the heart of a pansy—a deep, bluish-purple and black, contrasting vividly against the tea-rose tint of her complexion, and the scarlet lines of her parted lips, that seemed alive with mockery as though cognisant of my misery.

Instinctively I shivered, and let my eyes travel down the picture, when suddenly my memory received a violent shock, and a half-felt impression became a certainty.

For, on the right arm of the woman in the canvas, which was bare from shoulder to wrist, I saw something that made the cold blood in my veins tingle with the horror of recollection.

It was the sight of a deep red scar just above the wrist, a sinister souvenir of a permanent wound in which the woman appeared to take a savage joy, for her arm was held boldly out as a challenge to some unseen foe, while in the other hand was a piece of black velvet.

As my eyes dwelt in fascination upon the hideous brand, I saw in imagination another woman, neither so young nor as beautiful, yet with a round white wrist that was also scared by a similar crimson gash!

It was the woman whom I had met in the Park—the woman who had lured me with specious promises into my present trap!

What was the meaning of it? I wondered. What connection was there between this woman on the canvas, young and defiantly beautiful, and the stranger in the Park, middle-aged and world-worn?

The purple-black eyes met mine as I glanced up eagerly for a trace of resemblance, and I felt that, in some uncanny way, they knew what was passing in my mind, for a mocking smile seemed to lurk in their velvet depths, and the scorn on the curved mouth intensified.

They might have been twin sisters, or even—and my brain throbbed with excitement—one and the same!

Then in that case, the original of the picture was alive, and scheming to bring about my downfall for some reason unknown to me!

What had I done? I asked myself wildly, turning away from those

cruel eyes that burnt me with their scorn.

Surely this woman with the crimson scar on her wrist could be nothing to the man from whom I had received those miserable letters? In a frenzy of fear I ran to the window that faced the door and tried to open it, but it was immovable, and my mental agony was whetted to madness as the church clock chimed the half hour.

"Oh, God!" I cried aloud, "what shall I do? What shall I do?" And I flung myself into a chair once more giving myself up to my grief.

Mingling with my meditations were the malicious faces of Jimmy Bruce and Lola Lambert! How they would glory in my tumble from the eminent position as the future wife of the big "playwright" to that of obloquy and disgrace!

With the thought of Jimmy Bruce came the memory of our visit to the "Witch of Ireland," when in Cork, and I was struck by the recollection of the old beldame's warning: "Beware of a woman with a red scar on her wrist!"

Was there anything in it, after all, or was the fact that I had most unaccountably come in contact with such a woman merely a coincidence for which Fate alone was responsible?

Suddenly a faint noise caused me to raise my head, and listen intently.

After a pause it came again—a sharp metallic "click" that made me hold my breath.

It seemed to be somewhere in the vicinity of the painting, and as I turned my eyes again upon the woman with the scar, I sprang to my feet with an uncontrollable cry of terror!

The huge canvas was slowly coming forward as though pushed by an invisible hand.

Lionel Dacre Again.

With dilated eyes, and my whole being strung to concert pitch, I waited for the great canvas to cease moving, wondering vaguely what fresh menace the woman with the scarred wrist concealed behind her fair exterior.

The picture stopped as silently as it had advanced, then I saw that it had been substituted for the door that had originally been there, and when closed, was supposed to be an ordinary painting.

For an instant there was a pause, which for me was fraught with exquisite agony of suspense, then a shadow stood on the threshold, blurred and sinister.

"Who are you?" I tried to cry, but my lips were parched, and the words died into a whisper.

Then suddenly the silent figure put out a hand and touched something on the wall, the room instantaneously becoming flooded with brilliant electric light.

Then it was that I screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and, throwing my head back, I made a brave effort to face the worst.

As I did so, and my eyes met those of the intruder, I fell back with an exclamation of fear and dismay, flinging my hands before me, as though to beat off the inevitable, for the woman on the canvas had made way for a much worse enemy to enter, and one whom I had least expected to see in that room. It was Lionel Dacre. The man whose chameleon-like fancy I had attracted so fatally in those far-off days of the *Vice-Triumphant* tour, and whose persecution had been a thorn in my flesh ever since, although chance had hitherto aided me in eluding him.

But he was here, before me, looking calmly into my face, an inscrutable smile on his coarse mouth.

As I watched him the old past flashed before my tortured brain, and I heard the threat that had now become a fact, that he would keep his eye on me and claim me when he chose.

"Well," his voice broke in upon my vision, "surely you will say something in greeting to me after our long parting—Blanche? It is certainly an unconventional rendezvous, but when needs must—you know!" and he shrugged his shoulders in the old cynical way.

His manners, and the studied insolence of his words, sent a hot passion of rage seething through me, and let loose my frozen speech.

"Yes," I replied, scorn keeping my voice low and even. "You are right, Mr. Dacre, when needs must the devil most certainly drives, and I presume, from your presence here, that is your intention."

He smiled, looking at me with half-closed eyes, then, drawing a chair forward,

he sat down, still smiling.

"Won't you also be seated? Our chat may be long, and you must be tired, Blanche."

Ignoring his invitation, I looked at him coldly, and replied:

"Doubtless, since you are the instigator of this cowardly trap on the part of a woman who met me in the Park, you are aware of the fact that I ought to be on the stage of the Duke of Cork's at nine-twenty."

Again a slow, exasperating smile curled his lips, as he said:

"For nearly a year I have looked everywhere for my little Scottish bride, but she seemed to have vanished from the world of professionals, and it never occurred to me that the much-talked-about 'Blanche St. Lawrence' was the same 'Blanche Eardley,' who went through a form of marriage with me according to Scottish law."

I felt the hot blood scorching my face as he spoke, and the memory of that cruel trick he had played upon my ignorance flashed in all its true ugliness and significance before me.

I turned to him passionately.

"Surely, Mr. Dacre, you have ceased to credit such a practical joke to your sense of decency, if you have any? Why remind me of it now, when you must see how utterly absurd it is that I should look upon you as a husband? I am quite certain that you did not take all this trouble to find me merely to make love to me," and I laughed a bitter, scornful laugh, that

brought a sudden flush to his face.

"No, you are right," he replied, eyeing me with a cool, calculating glance, "I did not put myself to such a degree of inconvenience just for the pleasure of making love to you, that," and an ugly smile crossed his face—"that is an interlude, not a motive."

"You can serve no motive by keeping me here!" burst from me hotly. "Our positions are changed now, Lionel Dacre, and you will not find it so easy to terrify 'Blanche St. Lawrence' as you did 'Blanche Eardley'! My future husband will protect me from persecution."

A low, amused laugh came from him as I hurled my defiant words at him.

"Ah! Now we can talk business! It is really interesting to see how your character has formed, Blanche! But you will make a much better study when you have learnt to conduct your love affairs with more discretion! For instance, how would your future husband like to read those extremely—er—passionate love letters of your erstwhile pantomime 'Don Juan'?"

"Ah," I cried, my voice trembling with the scorn I could not contain, "so you and that lowest of low thieving spies, Jimmy Bruce, to wit, have been exchanging confidences! Truly a most worthy pastime for two such men of honour! Since you had the letters, and knew where to send them, then what did you want with me?"

"My dear girl"—he laughed brutally—"I am not a fool, though I may lay claim to the title of a knave. And to post information of such a valuable nature, would be to write myself down a most egregious ass! No, I preferred to retain these touching epistles, with another document of interest to your future husband, and allow you to be the arbiter of your own fate."

"The arbiter of my own fate," I murmured, perplexed. "I don't understand you!"

"No? Then I will explain. I choose to give you an alternative between doing me a slight favour, and eventually marrying your new lover, the playwright, without the fear of any exposure or——"

"Or what?" I asked quickly, beginning to wonder whether, after all, this man were not preferable to Jimmy Bruce. He appeared to have some redeeming quality of restraint in him. But his next words undeceived me as to his single-mindedness.

"Or refuse my terms, and let me interview Mr. Wilfrid Hyne, and lay before him the fact that his fair *fiancée* has enjoyed a doubtful reputation in the provinces, which,

"The Amethyst Box" is the title of a new serial story by Anna Katharine Green in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

THOSE WHO WISH TO ENTER THIS COMPETITION NOW MAY DO SO BY PAYING ONE SHILLING AND NINEPENCE TO THEIR NEWSVENDOR, WHO WILL OBTAIN FOR THEM ALL THE PICTURES UP-TO-DATE. OR THESE PICTURES WILL BE SENT POST FREE FOR TWO SHILLINGS AND TWOPENCE, FROM THE PUBLISHER, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

£5 a WEEK for LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

If any member of your family wants the pictures below, they will be found in to-day's BIG BUDGET, 1D.

Example: HULL.

Below you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures below, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions printed below. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £50; Fourth Cash Gift, £25; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Every issue of *Pearson's Weekly* has to go to press a fortnight before it comes into your hands, with the result that any statement of immediate interest which we may have to make to you concerning the competition is necessarily delayed. As a convenience to our readers we have made arrangements with the *Daily Express*, which can be obtained from any newsagent throughout the kingdom, the *Midland Express* and the *North Mail*, to publish replies to inquiries made by competitors, and also to make any statements regarding developments in the competition. Each of the morning newspapers in question can be obtained for a halfpenny. The information will be found at the foot of the first column on page two in each paper.

CUT ACROSS HERE.

CONDITIONS.

1. The name must be clearly written under each picture in ink. (Use a fine pen.)
2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.
3. No alterations are allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out, and write it again.
4. When you have filled up your set of pictures, cut it out and keep it by you.
5. Members of the same family may forward as many complete series of pictures as they like. Each complete series will be accepted independently, and the sets composing it must be fastened together at the top left-hand corner.
6. The name of the station with the greatest number of letters, *made up of the names (or words which have the same sound) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more of such names of stations depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, each will be counted correct.
7. No competitor may obtain the assistance of professional competition solvers, who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition may do so only on this understanding. The prize will not be paid to anyone who we find has violated this condition.
8. In the event of a tie, a further set (or, if necessary, several further sets) of pictures will be submitted to the tiesing competitors until one wins the first prize outright.
9. The first prize—that is, £5 a Week for Life—will be payable weekly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised. Nor shall the winner be allowed to sell or pledge such weekly payment, and his receipt alone will be recognised.
10. All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the Index to Stations in the January (1903) edition of Bradshaw's Railway Guide. The Guide is now out of print, but a reprint of the Index to Stations, which is all you require, will be sent for three penny stamps on application to *Bradshaw's Guide*, 59 Fleet Street, London, E.C., or to Room 7, *Pearson's Weekly*, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

(These conditions are subject to correction and alteration before the competition closes.)

No inquiries regarding these conditions can be answered either personally or through the post. If a point of sufficient general interest is raised, it will be dealt with in the paper.

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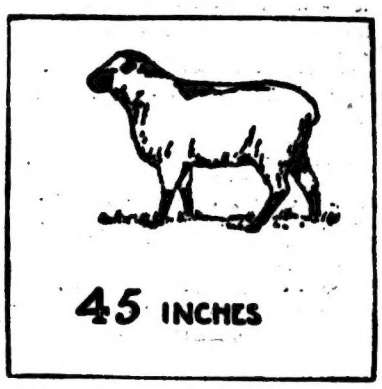

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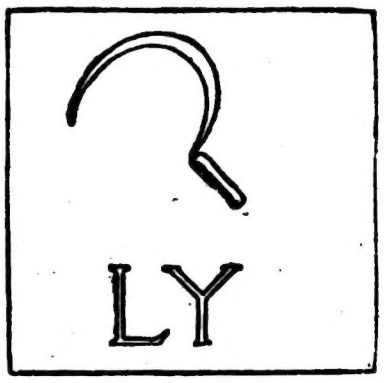

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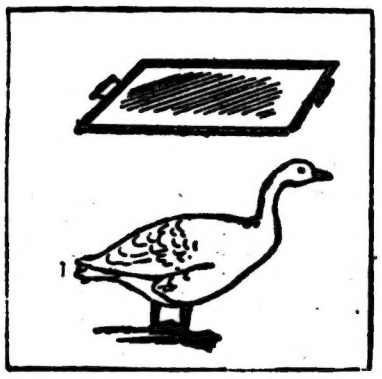

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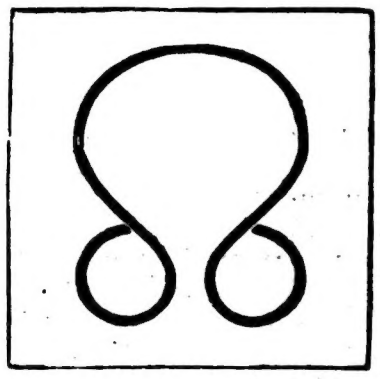

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Name..... Address.....

CUT ACROSS HERE

together with the letters of Paul Dean, would put a very certain extinguisher upon your ambitious aspirations."

I dug my nails deep into my palm, as the full significance of his words slowly sank into my heart. But I said, with a steady voice:

"Notwithstanding your most exalted notions of honour, Mr. Dacre, have you not considered that it might be made very awkward for you, if I were to bring the counter-charge of blackmail against you?"

His eyes glinted viciously at me as I spoke, and a deep, mottled red slowly spread over his cruel face, as he began to realise that I was not so easy to tread upon as formerly. Then he drew out of his pocket an envelope, and held it lightly between his fingers and thumb, as he said:

"This contains the page I tore out of the landlady's reference book in Glasgow, when I had the pleasure of staying in the same house with you. You signed your name to a strangely laconic phrase. It was 'We have both been very comfortable during our stay with Mrs. McDonald.' Then your signature followed. I——" And he leant forward, speaking with cold, staccato emphasis.

"I followed you, bracketed my name with yours, wrote that of the company underneath, with the date, then tore it out, and you will find it difficult to convince a proud, jealous man that there was not something between us in those days!"

A low, irrepressible cry rose to my lips, as his hideous meaning lay bared before me, and I realised the hopelessness of attempting to defy such malignant enmity.

"You can't mean it. It must be some vile joke, some cruel jest with which you are now testing my courage! To let so foul an imputation filter through the mind of another man!"

"Don't be foolish!" his voice broke in calmly. "It rests with you, Blanche, whether these papers ever meet the eyes of Wilfrid Hyne. If you agree to my proposal and sign a little document for me I will place the entire correspondence in your hands to do with as you choose! Can I be fairer than that?"

"What do you mean? Speak plainly, please! If there is a slight favour I can do you in return for giving me those papers, I will do it, although it goes against the grain."

"This is what I want. You are getting into a good theatrical set, and soon will be meeting people who are at the top of the profession.

"Although having been a decent success in the States, I am still unknown to 'Town,' and I don't care to hang round the agents on the off-chance of a London engagement.

"And when I found that 'Blanche St. Lawrence,' the future wife of Wilfrid Hyne, the author, was identical with 'Blanche Eardley' of *Vice-Triumphant* days, I determined that you would open the door through which I would pass to fame."

"I'm not sure how I can help you to realise your ambition," I said slowly. "You see, I am only just launched myself for the first time into a London company. I have no influence."

"No, but your future husband has!" he replied. "And I want you to ask me to meet him."

"You!" I exclaimed, shrinking from him in horror. "How could I introduce *you* to him. Impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible to a mind made up. It is absolutely necessary that I should visit you as a friend, and meet Mr. Hyne."

"Very well!" I said ungraciously, "let me know exactly what you wish me to do, and, of course, give me the papers."

"Look!" he said, "they are yours when you have signed this paper. It is merely a matter of form acknowledging the receipt of certain documents, and agreeing to the terms of exchange."

Hastily taking the pen I wrote my name at the foot of the paper, too tired and heart sick to see what I signed.

"There!" and I flung the pen on the table, gathering up the long envelope with impatient haste. "You have won your unfair bargain, now let me leave this house which is so full of mystery and wickedness!"

(Another instalment next week.)

SHORT STORIES' new serial story is by Blanche Eardley, the author of "Tinsel Triumphs." It is called "The Bond Between." One penny, every Tuesday.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

STARTING IN OUR SLEEP.

Why does One Often Jump when Dropping off to Sleep? (6562.)

Though much yet remains to be proved respecting the nature of sleep, recent experiments of Mossoo and others point to a comparatively anæmic condition of the brain as one of its causes. Certain it is that in sleep the temperature will fall from one to two deg. F.; respiration and the pulse are retarded, and the whole expenditure of energy is curtailed to the greatest extent compatible with life.

When we drop off to sleep, the slowing down process at times goes a little over the line of perfect safety. Hence the heart, which possesses in itself the power of checking or accelerating the rhythmic contraction, instantly wakes up, and, as the recently published experiments of Sewall and Donaldson show, exhibits its remarkable power of accommodating the flow of energy to the exact amount of resistance to be overcome.

This spurt of the heart's action causes the jump we often experience, and resembles the fresh start of a jog-trot horse when stimulated by the whip.

IS IVY INJURIOUS?

Does Ivy Injure Buildings? (6566.)

So long as the walls of a building are sound, and the bricks or stones, well cemented together, offer no fissures or cracks for the plant to force its way into, there is nothing whatever to fear. Should the ivy, however, find an opening, and so thrust itself into the wall, the natural and continuous expansion of its parts will tend to loosen the stones, and hasten the decay of the building.

A fair growth of ivy on sound walls, that allow of no advances beyond the superficial attachment of the claspers, or aerial roots, as they are called, is altogether beneficial. It promotes dryness and warmth, counteracts the corrosive action of the atmosphere, and is at once a shelter and an ornament.

These aerial roots are not sources of nutrition, but merely serve as mechanical support to the climbing ivy. The contention that they sap the whole of the moisture from mortar, leaving it excessively dry and crumbling, has therefore no foundation in fact.

PALACES OF WATERS.

What is the "Palace of Waters"? (6567.)

The principal Palace of Waters is an immense hall, which stretches in mysterious grandeur far beneath the city of Constantinople. Its roof is formed of wide-spanned arches, supported on massive marble columns; these stand some ten feet apart, and their capitals are elaborately wrought.

This marvellous building springs from an expanse of waters, which underlies the foundations of the city for miles. Its origin and extent have been shrouded in mystery since its discovery about seventy years ago, when some of the arches gave way. All attempts to explore by boat this marvel of construction have been either fatal or fruitless.

Another Palace of Waters was the stately Palace of Ice, which was built in 1739 at the command of Anne, Empress of Russia, to honour the nuptials of the Prince Gallitzin and a simple peasant girl. In this novel palace bride and bridegroom were housed, in rooms of which the walls and furniture and bed were constructed wholly of frozen water.

LUCKY INVESTMENTS.

Which has been the Best Money Investment Recorded in History? (6563.)

Very few investments can have equalled in profit the transaction between Charles II. and the East India Company, by which, in 1661, the King leased the island of Bombay to the company in perpetuity, "to be holden of us and our heirs, as of the manor of East Greenwich, in free and common socage, at a rent of ten pounds in gold, payable yearly." What this investment yielded to the company during the two centuries they enjoyed it cannot be stated definitely, but, when the company was dissolved, the annual trade through this £10 port was over £12,000,000.

The purchase by the British Government of the Khedive's Suez Canal shares for £4,080,000 in 1875 was another fortunate speculation, due in large measure to the sagacity of Disraeli, then Prime Minister, for, apart from political benefits, the profits from them in the current year's Budget are estimated under "Suez Canal shares, etc.," at £935,000, whilst their present value has been put at over £60,000,000.

New River shares, once worth about £5, have been sold at over £120,000 per original share.

THE VALUE OF DUST.

Is Dust of Use? (6559.)

Dust is essential to the well-being of the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the world. It is the medium through which we obtain diffused daylight, for the whole atmosphere is charged with minute particles, which reflect sunlight.

To dust again we owe the bright blue of the sky, which its particles, rejecting other tints, reflect, and the varied and changeful colours of the sea are also attributed to the same simple and effective agency.

We are told that heavier particles, which lie lower in the atmosphere, absorb the blue rays, and reflect the red and green and orange which are seen at sunset, or when the air has been surcharged with dust by some volcanic eruption.

Without this medium the earth could not enjoy the blessings of cloudland and of gracious rains, for aqueous vapour needs a nucleus to form upon, that it may gather and descend.

Yet another function of this useful product is to supply valuable top-dressing to the soil.

THE LAST OF THE RUFFS.

What Put an End to the Fashion of Wearing Ruffs? (6571.)

In 1762 the rage for ruffs, such as are seen on many monumental effigies, began to decline. A writer in the LONDON CHRONICLE of that year says of gentlemen's dress: "Their cuffs entirely cover their wrists, and only the edges of their ruffles are to be seen."

It is said that a distaste for ruffs was first created so far back as 1613, when a woman named Turner wore them on her trial for the murder by poison of Sir Thomas Overbury. The French Revolution of 1789 much influenced British fashion, and the picturesqué cocked hat and ruffles then gave way generally to round hats and small cuffs.

The period of their final disuse cannot be easily determined, as men of old-fashioned or eccentric habits have worn ruffled shirt fronts within quite recent memory, similar to those which, according to Planché's "History of British Costume," originated in the 17th century.

A ROYAL SPEECH BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

Was the Speech from the Throne ever Delivered by Candle-light? (6572.)

The opening day of the session of 1836, February 4th, was so dark that King William IV., whose eyesight was imperfect, found it impossible to read the Speech from the Throne with facility. Patiently he struggled with the task, hesitating, mistaking, correcting himself. At last he broke down altogether, and was obliged to give it up. Turning to Lord Melbourne, who was doing his best to prompt him, he said, so that all in the House could hear: "Eh! What is it?"

At this crisis the librarian brought two wax candles forward.

The King then raised his head, and said with distinct and perfect emphasis: "My lords and gentlemen, I have hitherto not been able, from want of light, to read this speech in the way its importance deserves, but, as lights are now brought me, I will read it again from the commencement in a way which, I trust, will command your attention."

Having so spoken His Majesty, though evidently upset by his previous efforts, began at the beginning, and read through the speech in a manner which would have done credit to a master of elocution.

WHY THE SPEAKER LEAVES THE CHAIR.

Why does the Speaker Leave the Chair before Money Matters are Discussed in Parliament? (6573.)

No one to-day would be likely to guess the reason for this invariable practice in Parliament, but past records of the House of Commons reveal the secret.

At one time the Speaker was the only member of the House with a right of access to the Royal person, and it appears that the faithful Commons were so impressed by this fact, and so jealous of the preservation of their rights, that they considered this distinction would work upon the Speaker's mind, and make him much more the King's friend than theirs.

In those days financial questions usually meant, to a considerable extent, the King's demands for supplies. It was in view of this that the Speaker was excluded from the discussion, lest he should be tempted after the event to curry favour with Royalty by explaining how various members had spoken and voted, on a matter so nearly affecting the interests of the King, and the replenishment of his personal resources. In this case, as in so many others, old custom has survived, long after the original reason for it has been forgotten.

GIANT CRABS OF JAPAN.

Which is the Largest Kind of Crab? (6576.)

By far the largest crab is the sima-gani, or island crab of Japan. It was introduced to Europeans in the 18th century by Kämpfer, a German, who depicted one of its claws, as a great curiosity, in his "History of Japan." When later some male specimens were caught, it was found that they could span twelve feet with their claws, and they were called Macrocheira Kämpferi, or Kämpfer's long-handed crab.

The females have claws of normal length in proportion to the body, of which the shell in both sexes may measure so much as a foot by fifteen inches. Two fine specimens are exhibited in the insect room of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

This giant crab is quite harmless, and of sluggish habit. It lives, like most of its kindred, in fairly deep water at the bottom of the sea, clambering among the rocks and seaweed in search of fresh or decaying animal matter, the latter for choice. The Japanese deem it a great delicacy.

CANONS OF NOBLE BIRTH.

Which Ecclesiastical Dignitaries were Required to be of Noble Birth? (6575.)

It is a notable fact in connection with Church history that the very humblest birth has never operated as a bar to the attainment of the papacy. It has happened that men whose early years were passed as swineherds, or in other equally ignoble or lowly occupations, have succeeded in elevating themselves to the tiara.

In strong contrast to this promotion by merit, no cleric in former ages had any chance of becoming one of the forty canons of the primatial church of Lyons, or one of the twenty-four canons of Strasburg, who was not in a position to prove eight quarters of nobility to the satisfaction of the authorities.

The Lyonese canons took the title of counts. With ecclesiastics who were of German family it was necessary, in order to be eligible for the coveted dignity of a canon of Strasburg, to establish descent from a prince, or count of the Empire; in the case of Frenchmen, their title was required to be derived from dukes, peers, or marshals of France.

QUESTIONS.

6601. Were sheep ever plucked instead of shorn in the United Kingdom?
6602. What plant consists only of a flower?
6603. Were knives ever worn by English ladies?
6604. Does any frog make a nursery for its young?
6605. When was the last official book-burning in England?
6606. What is "helter-skelter"?
6607. Has any Speaker of the House of Commons become Prime Minister?
6608. Whence comes the phrase "to curry favour"?
6609. When was the first war medal issued?
6610. Where is the largest boiler in the world?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

"IF you had no idea when you could get married, Tom, why did you propose?"

"To tell the truth, dear, I had no idea that you would accept me!"

"AM I really and truly the first girl you ever kissed?"

"Do you doubt it, darling?"

"Yes; your manner savours of long experience."

"But how do you know that?"

HE: "I see that a French physician says yawning is beneficial to the health."

She: "Indeed! I've wondered a number of times why I have been so unusually well since you commenced coming here to spend the evenings."

DOCTOR (to fair patient): "Put out your tongue." (Meantime he writes out a prescription.) "That will do."

Miss Chatterbox: "But, doctor, you did not even look at my tongue."

Doctor: "No; I only wanted you to keep quiet while I wrote the prescription."

Founded 1871.

The OCEAN Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(Empowered by Special Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorised . . £1,000,000 | Income, 1902 . . . £[illegible]
Capital Subscribed . . . £[illegible] | Reserves, Dec. 31st, 1902 . . . £[illegible]
Funds, 31st Dec., 1902 (excluding Uncalled Capital), £[illegible]

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Opera glasses, cameras, writing desks, ostrich feather fans, and Gramophones, are offered for competition in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Thieves as Detectives.

Some of the Latest Tricks of the Fraternity.

They Arrest, and then Steal from their Captives.

And Feign Paralysis to Rob Railway Companies.

WITH his shirtsleeves tucked up and apron on, and a pen behind his ear, Ernest Price Lobley called on North London shopkeepers, and asked them to oblige a neighbouring tradesman with change for silver, gold, or banknotes.

Finally, when he had inspired confidence, he called, apparently in a hurry through stress of business, and obtained change on his promise to "run across" later and settle for the obligation. Needless to say, this time he did not return. He paid an enforced call recently to the Clerkenwell Sessions, and is now performing hard labour for a change.

Another trick requiring consummate acting was recently played at a public-house in the City.

A neatly dressed, well-spoken man entered the saloon bar, and in payment for brandy and soda and cigar tendered a £5 note.

Later on a barman intimated quietly to the landlord that his presence was urgently requested on the other side of the house for a moment. He went, and

found two men of official bearing.

"Oh," said the elder of the pair, cautiously, "are you the proprietor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am Inspector Something, and this is Sergeant O'Rother, from Scotland Yard. Has anyone changed a £5 note here lately?"

"Yes," replied the landlord; "I cashed one not long ago for a gentleman in the saloon bar." And the landlord proceeded to describe his customer's appearance.

"That's our man," said the supposed inspector. "That note is probably a forged one; can you let us see it?"

The proprietor produced it, and the men from "Scotland Yard" proceeded to point out supposed omissions and defects.

"You have no objection, I suppose, to go to the station and charge the man," added the inspector. "I have another officer watching outside, and the fellow can't leave without my being notified of the fact. Put on your hat and coat, and **when you are ready we'll apprehend him."**

The unsuspecting landlord slipped away to dress, leaving the note in the hands of the "detectives," and they, taking advantage of his momentary absence, disappeared with what, after all, was a good note.

M. Beujoux, a wealthy Frenchman, had an argument the other day in a Paris café with a well-dressed stranger, who, in the course of the discussion, hit him a blow in the face. Immediately a duel was decided on, and the two men met early the following morning.

They had scarcely crossed swords when three men arrived on the scene, stated they were detectives, and arrested both men and their seconds. M. Beujoux's antagonist was marched off to prison, but on M. Beujoux giving his word of honour to remain where he was until the detectives returned, he was not put under arrest.

M. Beujoux waited for two hours, but no detectives turned up. In the meantime, he discovered that his coat and vest had disappeared, and with them his watch and chain

and £300 in bank notes.

He discovered afterwards that the four seconds, the three detectives, and his opponent, were all expert thieves, who had arranged the duel for the purpose of robbing him.

Lady readers, at all events, will consider another recent instance even more audacious than the foregoing.

Charged with being concerned in an attempt to steal a wedding ring, Louisa Grant, a young sempstress, told an extraordinary story to the Worship Street magistrate the other day.

The accused entered a pawnbroker's shop in Whitechapel Road along with a man, and whilst they were looking at some wedding rings the man, it is alleged, endeavoured to substitute for one of the genuine articles a ring of brass. Being accused, he ran out of the shop, but his companion was detained.

She declared that on the previous day the man, whom she then met for the first time, offered her marriage. She accepted his proposal, as he was "a nice, smart young fellow," and he took her to the pawnbroker's, where she understood he intended to buy the wedding ring. He told her he would procure the marriage license the next day. At the time of writing the police are investigating this extraordinary story.

A case which was recently concluded in Queensland excited all Australia. It was known as the Campbell-Henderson case.

For some years two men assuming these names had been travelling the length and breadth of Australia, swindling the railway companies out of huge sums. Their method was to deliberately fall out of a train, and then, feigning serious injuries, to bring an action against the company for negligence in leaving the door open.

They tried first of all in Victoria, but failed, not being thoroughly up to the game then. Out of Tasmania, however, they got substantial damages, which were followed by a big sum from South Australia. The next case was in West Australia, where they got £650 without the trouble of a trial.

They got £1,750 from New South Wales, and then claimed no less a sum than £10,000 in Queensland. This led to their undoing, and a long term of penal servitude apiece, as the pair were recognised by a doctor under whom one of them had formerly been "paralysed" in West Australia.

In Queensland it chanced to be Campbell's turn to be "paralysed." He made out that he had lost the use of his limbs from his feet upwards, and was carried into court on a stretcher. For a time he completely deceived the doctors, although the tests applied in order to test the truth of his story were of the most painful character. He was regarded as a marvel of endurance by the medical men.

One test, however, was applied above the seat of the alleged injury. Campbell ought to have flinched then, but he omitted to do so. This made the medical men suspicious, even before the doctor from West Australia came forward. Strangely enough, the latest news is that as the result of his clever and persistent acting, Campbell has now become really paralysed.

JUST THE GIRL.

He met her in the crowded street
And watched her carefully,
Then murmured with a joy complete:
"You're just the girl for me."

And, though her nose was rather red,
Her manner rather free,
He looked into her face and said:
"You're just the girl for me."

"Your lips are thick, you've lost a tooth,
Your eyes are crossed, I see,
And so I tell the simple truth—
You're just the girl for me.

"I've sought you carefully and long,
So please come quietly;
For I am police-detective Strong—
You're just the girl for me."

ECCENTRIC is a term applied to those whom we cannot afford to call idiots.

FAY: "I don't intend to be married until I am over thirty."

MAY: "And I don't intend to be over thirty until I am married."

A BACHELOR at a banquet in Newcastle gave the following toast: "The women and coal of Durham county—oh, how desolate would be the fireside without them!"

MISS MATURE (proudly): "When I was young I used to be called 'the flower of the family.'"

Mr. Dolt: "The flour of the family? I suppose because you used to be—er—crusty at times."

PROFESSOR: "Too bad! One of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory has forgotten to pay me, and the worst of it is I can't remember his name."

TO NEW READERS.

HERE is a list of the publications issued from these offices:

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE	Price 6d.	Published 1st of each month.
LADY'S MAGAZINE	Price 6d.	Published 1st of each month.
ROYAL MAGAZINE	Price 6d.	Published 22nd of each month.
SHORT STORIES	Price 1d.	Published every Tuesday.
M. A. P.	Price 1d.	Published every Thursday.
HOME NOTES	Price 1d.	Published every Friday.
THE BIG BUDGET	Price 1d.	Published every Thursday.
ISOBEL'S HOME COOKERY	Price 1d.	Published 1st of each month.
ISOBEL'S DRESS-MAKING AT HOME	Price 1½d.	Published 15th of each month.

ARE THIN PERSONS REFINED?

By A LANKY MAN.

I WAS a thin baby, my mother told me. As a schoolboy I earned the nickname of "Boney," and as a youth I was usually referred to as "lanky." Now, as a man of middle age, I am, by a number of kind friends, invariably spoken of as being "refined."

After careful thought on the subject I have arrived at the conclusion that it is not an uncommon habit with many persons to call the thin individual, who seems to be all bones and angles, refined. Why this should be so it is not easy to say, unless it is merely for the sake of contrast with the fat person, who has, with equal injustice, earned the reputation of being called vulgar.

At the outset of this brief article I would like it to be thoroughly understood that I am not proud of my want of avoirdupois.

I think that thin persons are as a general rule fastidious, and it is no doubt chiefly for this very reason that they are thought by many to be refined.

Refinement, as a matter of common truth, belongs quite as much to the fat as to the thin, though the fussy and worrying man who is known to be upset over trifles earns the reputation more freely than does the complacent man who keeps his views and his prejudices in the background.

For the sake of illustration I will take two men of different type, and the reader shall judge for himself or herself.

There is Mr. Black, who is very stout and short of breath, and who takes matters as they come, appearing not to have the energy to dispute anything that does not directly affect him. He hears an argument between two other persons without any apparent desire to join in or to dispute the opinion of either side.

He continues to smoke or read calmly on, just as if there were no such thing in life as friendly intercession.

And there is Mr. White, who is very thin and wiry, and who bustles about as if the sun would cease to shine were he not to keep on the move.

Should two other persons in the company debate any point, you will not fail to observe how Mr. White follows every word that is spoken, how he weighs all the pros and cons, and how he itches to take sides and rush into the fray. He bends forward in his seat in his earnest desire not to miss a single syllable that is uttered.

Now it is most likely that the average judge of human character would at once form the opinion that while Mr. Black might be anything, Mr. White is most certainly a man of refinement. This conclusion would come naturally, because it had been seen that the latter was so very much perturbed when the points raised in argument were not to his liking.

All the same, a great mistake may have been made. It is not only possible, but it is quite probable, that Mr. Black is every bit as refined as Mr. White, though the one has a philosophic mind while the other has not.

It is merely a victory for a man when he is master enough of himself not to join in an argument of another man's making. It shows, I think, much more natural refinement to allow two men to "give themselves away" than it does to join in with them, and most likely end by losing your own self-control, as they may have done.

Again, thin men falsely earn a relationship with refinement for no other reason than that their appearance is neater and trimmer than is that of fat men, whose waistcoats wrinkle up and whose faces more frequently give signs of perspiration.

This is an utterly unsound judgment. I have among my numerous friends several very stout men, and they are, with only one exception, persons of extremely refined natures. In fact, I incline to the belief that on the whole fat men are more refined than thin men.

If a man is thin it is usually no credit to him, for the excellent reason that it is beyond his influence.

Jockeys and a few others are thin by desire or design, but the ordinary man is thin just because he is not fat!

This proves, I think, that thin men have no right to the reputation for refinement with which some persons credit them.

OUR NEXT ISSUE

will contain the usual supply of excellent matter which you are accustomed to get every week in this paper. Perhaps you may be able to send a contribution yourself some day in the shape of an article or a story? You never know until you really try what you can do. In case you are undecided as to what course to pursue for the best, send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope, to Ranee, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., in return for which you will receive an accurate delineation of your character, from which you will be able to decide for what trade or profession you are best suited.

"The Bond Between," by the author of "Tinsel Triumphs," is the title of SHORT STORIES' new serial.

Insult to Injury.

A postcard has just arrived in Vienna which took nearly six years to travel from Lemberg, a distance of about 500 miles. The postal rates on inland cards having in the meantime been raised, the Post Office actually fined the receiver double the deficiency in the postage.

£10,000 Thrown into the Sea.

Ammunition to the value of £10,000 was some time ago thrown into the sea as defective from the United States warship *Olympia* when cruising in the Caribbean Sea. It is now said that the ammunition was in perfect order.

Pigskin Cycle Tyres.

Mr. John Muir, of Leith, Scotland, announces that he has invented a process whereby tanned pigskins are made available as a substitute for rubber for tyres. The pigskins so treated are stated to wear longer than rubber, and Mr. Muir is said to have sold the American rights of his process for £1,000,000.

Very Precious.

The German Emperor has sent to the Hohenzollern Museum at Berlin a small piece of bark, which, as is announced by the label attached to it, was used by His Majesty to bind the Empress' arm in the absence of medical aid when Her Majesty met with an accident in Gruenwald on March 27th last, through falling from her horse.

A Royal Archbishop.

It is reported that Prince Max of Saxony, the youngest son of the King of Saxony, will be the next Archbishop of Olmuetz, in Moravia, in succession to the notorious Archbishop Kohn, whose position has become untenable. Prince Max of Saxony became a priest in 1896, and he is now professor of theology at the University of Freiburg, in Switzerland.

Is it a Toe or a Finger Now?

A curious surgical operation is reported from Dresden, where Dr. Halnel, who was attending a girl eight years of age, who had lost the forefinger of her right hand, amputated the second toe of his patient's right foot and sewed it on to the stump of the missing finger. The two parts were then incased in plaster, and after three weeks it was found that the toe had become firmly attached, forming a good substitute for the finger.

Medals for Mothers.

Senator Piot, who is head of the movement whose object it is to arrest the decrease in the population of France, has made a novel suggestion. In a letter which he has sent to the Prime Minister he suggests that a medal should be struck and a special order founded for mothers of large families. "Soldiers and sailors, and even firemen are decorated," he says, "and why should not the mothers, who perform the greatest of all services to the fatherland, have some recognition?"

"Giant" Vesture.

At Stamford recently a suit of clothes belonging to Daniel Lambert, the celebrated Leicestershire giant, was offered by auction. The clothes have been on exhibition for many years at a public-house, which has just changed hands. Lambert was the most corpulent man of his generation, weighing upwards of 50 stones, and it is on record that a suit cost him £20. "General" Tom Thumb walked through the arm of his coat. The bidding reached £75, at which figure the lot was withdrawn.

Tricking a Monkey.

The pet monkey of a German professor having made his escape, climbed into a tree and defied all attempts to catch him. Being acquainted with the imitative habits of the animal, his master hit on a curious plan to regain his pet. He looked at the monkey through an opera-glass, pointing the small end at him for some time, and then retired to a short distance, leaving the opera-glass on the ground. The monkey descended from the tree, and, taking up the opera-glass and looking through the same end, supposed his master was several hundred yards distant, when the latter reaching out, secured the chain and led the victim of an optical illusion back to his cage.

Bicycles for Chinese.

There is a growing demand for bicycles in China, and the United States Consul at Newchang, in his report just issued, calls the attention of American cycle manufacturers to the new market for their wares. An amusing feature of the report is the warning that there is no demand for men's bicycles, but only for the ladies' type of machine, as the native costume demands a dropped frame. The modern pneumatic bicycle, it seems, has three great disadvantages on Chinese roads: The pneumatic tyre is peculiarly subject to puncture, and is hard to repair; the pedals are hung too low, and strike obstacles such as stones and rough ground; and the chain gets full of grit.

Japanese Hairdressing.

Hairdressing is an elaborate study in Japan, where the style of the coiffeur generally indicates the position and age of the lady. Thus girls of eight or nine wear their hair in a bow at the back wound round with red crape, the front being left bare except for two locks dangling at the side, and the marriageable damsels comb their tresses high in front and arrange them either in the shape of a butterfly or a half-opened fan. A widow looking out for a second spouse twists her locks round a long shell hairpin placed horizontally across the back of the head, while she who vows to remain faithful to the dear departed cuts her hair short and combs it plainly back without any parting.

Curious Curios.

It is said that "bullets fired at Paardeberg" are being made by the hundred thousand in German factories, for sale on the Continent.

The Parrot's Nose.

A small child having been pecked on the finger while trying to stroke a parrot exclaimed: "Oh dear! oh dear! I thought it was going to be a nose, and it's a tooth!"

Scarlet Funerals.

They have a curious custom at the burial of married women in Brazil. The coffin, hearse, and the livery of the driver must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet nets, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

Cheap Gold.

A French alchemist claims that he has made gold out of some cheap material. But as he only got half an ounce of gold after six months' work, there is not likely to be any rush to follow his example. Gold making is not better than boot making unless one can make enough of it.

Eagle Highwaymen.

Wilhelm Schneider was driving a butcher's cart along a road at Freiburg, Germany, recently, when a pair of large eagles swooped down. While one hovered threateningly round his head, the other seized a big joint of fresh meat. Then the two birds made off together with their prey.

Quick Justice.

On the arrival of a train at Maysville, Kentucky, a passenger named Louis Lunsford was arrested for fighting in the carriage. He was taken to the magistrate's court by motor-car, fined five dollars, paid the money, and was driven back to the station in time to catch his train, which had only been kept waiting ten minutes.

A Record of Crime.

A celebrated brigand named Babeanu, who has carried on a career of crime from his fastnesses in the forest bordering on the Danube, has been arrested. He is accused of complicity in 520 murders, at least 1,000 highway robberies, and over 3,000 ordinary thefts. He was, nevertheless, very popular among the peasantry, who gave him food and shelter and warned him whenever they knew the police to be on his track.

Menagerie Let Loose.

To spite his employer, Fritz Bauer, a livestock dealer in Strasburg, Otto Hartman opened all the cages in his shop, let loose ten cats, six canaries, two parrots, seven puppies, two bloodhounds, three rabbits, and a pair of fork-tailed lizards. Bauer arrived on the scene to find a furious fight proceeding between the cats and dogs and the parrots viciously attacking the canaries. It took two hours to sort out the menagerie.

Schoolboy Tactics.

The latest schoolboy dodge to obtain a holiday is reported from Denbighshire. Rain was pouring down as the boys were going to school. Slowly they walked; some stood in puddles, others calmly leant beneath the water-spouts. By the time they had reached their destination they were miserable-looking objects. Nothing could be done but give them a holiday. With joyous shouts they rushed out of school. Their tactics had been successful!

Engine versus Rock.

An extraordinary incident is reported from Bendigo, Australia. A train was proceeding from Heathcote, and when near Axedale a boulder of rock, weighing two hundredweight, fell off the embankment on to the cow-catcher while the train was going twenty-five miles an hour. The rock was tossed in the air, and landed in front of the engine, and in this way was carried into Bendigo. The guard was not aware of the occurrence until the train arrived in Bendigo.

The Largest Diamond in the World.

A syndicate has been formed which will bear the great expense and risk attending the cutting of what is the largest known diamond, the Excelsior. The Excelsior was found at the Jagersfontein diamond mines in 1893. It is the size of a hen's egg, and weighs in its present raw state 970 carats, which is nearly twice as much as the Kohinoor weighed before it was reduced to its present size. Specially constructed machinery has to be employed for cutting the Excelsior, and great care is used in insuring its safety from theft.

Kaiser and Cat.

While the German Emperor was in Rome there occurred an incident amusingly illustrating the proverb that "a cat may look at a king." In the room contained in the basement of the Victor Emmanuel Monument are preserved all the artist's drawings and sketches, and a cat is kept to warn off rodents. The Kaiser was conducted into this room to sign the visitors' book, and found puss stretched at full length on the chair placed for the use of callers. As the cat merely looked a look of supreme indifference and declined to move, the Emperor yielded the seat. Patting the animal on the head, he laughingly leant over the chair and signed the book standing.

A Kiss that Killed 200 Persons.

One of the most fatal kisses every known was that given by a young Spaniard sailor to his *fiancée* nine years ago, for it brought about the decimation of a town. The *Madonna*, a Spanish vessel, put into the little seaport of Candalo, on the coast of Florida, flying the yellow flag, and was accordingly ordered to remain in quarantine, for more than one member of the crew exhibited symptoms of bubonic plague. But the sailor in question disobeyed orders, and put off in a boat for the shore one evening, where, having sought out his *fiancée*, whom he had not seen for some years, he embraced her. A few days later the effects of the kiss became painfully evident, though the culprit returned to the ship by stealth the same night. The girl succumbed to the plague, which spread through the town so rapidly that more than 200 persons died out of a total population of 1,500.

CUPID ROUTED BY RIDICULE.

There is no Stronger Weapon to Sever the Bonds of Love.

Lovers generally pretend to be quite indifferent to the views of outsiders respecting their choice of a partner. But there are few who really are independent of other people's opinions anent their sweethearts.

Ridicule is a weapon to which they are peculiarly sensitive. Sometimes, whilst outwardly scorning or laughing off a gentle sarcasm, they inwardly cherish and resolve to profit by it.

The keen-edged sword of satire has often been a useful aid to parents and guardians, relations and friends anxious to divert the affections of their loved ones from undesirable persons.

Sometimes ridicule directed in this way is justifiable, sometimes it is not. But there can be no question of its effectiveness. A little good-humoured derision, especially if carelessly dropped in a casual, off-hand manner, is frequently more powerful than reason, argument, or kindly admonition.

It is surprising upon what trifles the fate of many a love-suit hangs. A smile has often been sufficient to change the currents of two lives.

The experience of a certain young officer of Customs is a case in point, for, having long admired a lady who happened to be a few years his senior, he made up his mind to propose a formal engagement, but before doing so decided to inform his colleague, who was also a close personal friend.

In a hesitating manner, and with a good deal of circumlocution, the amorous aspirant unfolded his plans to his friend, dwelling with enthusiasm on the charms and graces of the lady whose affections he hoped to capture.

To his vexation and surprise, the avowal of his intentions elicited not a word of cheer or help from his chum—nothing, in fact, but an exasperating smile.

And all efforts to extract any further sign of either approval or condemnation from the smiling one proving unavailing, the disconsolate lover rushed from the room in a great rage.

For a week the friends exchanged not a word except in the course of duty, but the contemplated proposal was never made, for the disappointed one averred that he would not wed the best woman on earth without the approval and blessing of his friend.

A less rare kind of instance, perhaps, was that of a young man of thirty-five, who in the transaction of his business in the City made the acquaintance of a prepossessing damsel of more than average intellectual attainment.

The young couple might, and probably would, have made a match of it, had it not been for the fact that the young man possessed sisters.

These sisters, far from being sour or ill-natured, were always brimming over with exuberant health and spirits, and when their brother happened to let fall a few remarks respecting the, to them, unknown inamorata whom he was in the habit of meeting every day in the City, they hailed her advent as a glorious excuse for gentle raillery against their brother, who, though still a young man, had all the appearance, as well as the reputation, of being a confirmed bachelor.

Although deeply smitten with the charms of his divinity, the banter to which the rather self-conscious neophyte was daily subjected at home prevented him making his passion known.

His sisters' badinage so increased his natural diffidence that, though he had solid ground for believing that his chances were really good, he procrastinated putting his fortune to the test until it was too late, and another competitor had carried off the prize.

A Portsmouth man was turned from the prosecution of what would have been for him a very unsuitable engagement, simply by receiving a book.

One of the chief characters in the novel in question was that of a good-natured fool who was being hoodwinked into marriage by a clever, unscrupulous woman. To the anonymous sender of the book it no doubt seemed the most delicate and unobtrusive method of offering a gentle hint.

Poor horsemanship would appear, at first sight, a very unlikely reason for the parting of two tender hearts supposed to be beating as one. Yet it proved quite sufficient to upset the matrimonial prospects of a West of England couple as recently as last summer.

The gallant under consideration was a young farmer whose ability to manage and "stick on" almost any steed was beyond question.

Unfortunately, however, his appearance, when mounted, far from giving that impression, suggested rather the danger of a fatal accident in the event of his bestriding anything more mettlesome than the indifferent nag which he generally rode.

Consequently his every Sunday jaunt to the shrine of his Dulcinea was the occasion of many outspoken jibes and jeers, in addition to a considerable amount of suppressed merriment in the villages through which he passed.

Some of these jokes having reached the ears of the *fiancée*, she in a frolicsome mood repeated them, and the gallant so took the matter to heart that he broke off the engagement.

Opera glasses, cameras, writing desks, ostrich feather fans, and Gramophones, are offered for competition in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

BEGIN THIS STORY TO-DAY.

Ambition's Slave.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

Author of "Who Killed James Trent?"

A Desperate Game.

GRAHAM MINTER, millionaire, is in a desperate position. He has put all his money into the Certified Company, and if a certain law case against the company succeeds Minter will be ruined.

Clifford Desborough, K.C., is in charge of the case against the company, and if he can be squared the situation is saved. Minter therefore decides to do his best to square him. Fortunately, Desborough himself is in desperate straits, being very deeply in debt. Minter therefore buys up all his bills which are already over-due, interviews Desborough, telling him that if he simply refrains from asking certain questions of one of the witnesses, Eli Price, a convict, the bills shall be his, otherwise he will press for immediate payment and ruin him.

Desborough has one loop-hole. If he marries Maude Beaumont, heiress, he could defy Minter; but Maude, unfortunately, happens to love another man, Kit Clive.

But here Fate steps in and places in Desborough's hands a very powerful weapon. Looking over some papers in the ordinary course of business, he stumbles across a secret of Maude's family. It appears that her sister was married, or thought she was married, to a man who turned out to be a bigamist and a scoundrel. It is the Beaumont family skeleton.

Armed with this information he goes to Maude and threatens to publish the facts unless she consents to marry him. Unable to do anything else, for the publication of the story would kill her mother, she accepts.

Then the case comes on. Eli Price is called, but fails to appear. It turns out that on his way from Portland, Price's escorts are overpowered and Price is set free. This, needless to say, is Graham Minter's work. The case is adjourned.

There is another witness in the case, on Minter's side. His name is Ericsson. Between him and Price is a deadly hatred.

That same evening Desborough is sitting in his chambers when Ericsson bursts into the room.

"Confound you," growls Desborough. "What do you mean by coming in like this? Get out of it."

"I dare not, I dare not," Ericsson screams. "He is after me, he is following me here. If he comes he will kill me. Eli Price, I saw him. Hide me somewhere, get me out of the way. Isn't there any back way out? Oh, surely you are not going to let me——"

Desborough points to a door on the opposite side of the room.

"Try that way," he says. "It leads into a corridor, and there is a staircase that opens into a side street. Get along, and don't let me see your face again."

With a gasp Ericsson darts away, and is lost to sight in a moment. Then comes the sound of heavy footsteps up the main staircase, then the door is flung open without ceremony, and a second man comes furiously into the room.

CHAPTER NINE.

Temptation.

FOR some time after Ericsson had passed under the archway leading to Desborough's chambers the man by the lamp-post stood reading his paper. Kit Clive passed him more than once, and wondered who he might be, and why the sight of him had such a paralysing effect on Ericsson. The man looked quiet and respectable enough, not at all the kind of man to make a disturbance, but one who when once aroused was likely to see things through.

Then Clive dismissed the fellow from his thoughts. He had plenty of matter to occupy his attention. He was wishing himself back home again; he was beginning to regret that he had taken all this trouble for so worthless an object as Ericsson.

Meanwhile the man under the lamp-post stood quite still, reading the newspaper. He threw it aside presently with a gesture of disgust, and strode forward. As he emerged into the light again he came full upon Ericsson, who was coming in the other direction. He might have passed unheeding, but Ericsson pulled up, and a hoarse cry escaped him. The other man looked up indifferently, then his face changed. An unholy joy blazed up in his eyes.

Ericsson cried again never so faintly. A policeman strode by without heeding. Eli Price sidled up to Ericsson, and held up his hand. It was like a chance meeting of two friends.

"Well, mate," he said, "who would have thought of meeting you here?" His voice sank to a whisper. "I know what you would like to do, curse you. You would like to call that policeman standing there and tell him that here is Eli Price, the escaped convict. If you open your mouth I'll crush your skull in before you can say two words."

Ericsson shivered. He was too utterly frightened for anything. As a matter of fact the very thing that Price had suggested had feebly flashed through his brain.

"Yonder policeman is your safeguard and mine," Price went on in the same fierce whisper. "So long as our friend in blue stands there waiting for his sergeant I can't kill you in the way you deserve, so long as he stands there you have no cause to fear. So I've found you at last!"

Ericsson shivered and said nothing. Like a hunted animal he was glaring about him for some avenue of escape. Commonplace people passed by, ignorant of the note of tragedy so close to them; a paper boy flitted along, yelling of the latest news.

"Why don't you speak?" Price snarled. "Say something. Try to look like a man. When I see you standing there I could kick myself for the fool that I am. However I came to trust such a white, puling, lily-livered coward passes my understanding. But I thought you were clever, I didn't know that you had addened your brain away. And when you played me false and I found you out you had just cunning enough to put me away. And because you turned coward and saved your own skin I have been lying like a dog yonder, bullied by warders and half starved into the bargain. If the policeman yonder would only move on and give me the chance!"

Price hissed out the last few words. There was murder in his eyes. Ericsson was too frozen with horror for a moment to see that the policeman was moving on at last. He could not see Clive anywhere. And once there was a chance to do so with impunity Price would certainly kill him. The knowledge set the poor wretch trembling like a leaf. A sudden cry came from his lips, and he darted off as hard as his legs could carry him.

He rushed on headlong, blindly. He was fifty yards away before Price could follow him. With a kind of dull instinct he fled into the passage in the direction of Desborough's chambers again. Poor creature as he was, if he could find light and protection he would be dangerous.

"I was a fool to stop him," Price muttered. "I might have followed him. If he gets to the ears of the police I am done."

Price picked up his heels and followed rapidly. Another policeman had heard the cry, and called on him to stop. But there was no time for ceremony. Price disappeared under the dark arch like a shadow, whilst the man of law came most leisurely behind. Price shut his teeth grimly. If that constable proved to be too inquisitive he would have to be silenced; the officer stood a good chance of lying on his back on the stones presently with concussion of the brain.

There was just a glimpse of Ericsson as he disappeared up a flight of stairs. Price could plainly see the door into which he vanished. But he could not follow for the moment for the simple reason that the blundering policeman was searching about the arch. Price crept close into the shadow, as the light of the lantern flashed here and there. A moment later and a lane of light picked out the features and figure of the man in hiding.

"Come out of that, my lad," a pompous voice said from behind the lantern. "I dare say it's all right, but just you come out and give an account of yourself."

Price moved heavily forward. He had to control his face, but he was inwardly beating with passion. He was doing no wrong, he said; he had merely been having a few words with a friend. And if the policeman wanted to know his name and address——

He broke off suddenly. He made a spring like that of a tiger, and then his fist crashed on the side of the officer's head. It was a smashing and staggering blow, and the man in blue fell with a snore and a grunt upon the pavement, his lantern rolling away as he fell.

"Serve you right, you meddlesome hound," Price growled. "You won't worry about anything for a bit. But it was a pretty near shave."

He hastened up the steps, forgetting all about the policeman, and everything else besides Ericsson. He *must* see that man again, at any hazard he must be frightened into silence. Yes, this was the door through which Ericsson had disappeared.

He pushed his way in as coolly as if the place belonged to him. The red mist before his eyes rendered him reckless and blind to everything else. He hardly saw the owner of the room. Desborough started angrily from his desk. It was bad enough that Ericsson should come back in the way he had, but that the person pursuing him should force his way into a private apartment was intolerable. The newcomer was short and powerfully built; he had a strong, determined face, and withal the look of a gentleman.

He was almost beside himself now with passionate eagerness, and for the moment did not seem to see Desborough at all. The latter was half amused in spite of everything. His mood had suddenly changed. He stood before the intruder and barred the way.

"Make yourself quite at home," he said. "If there is any thing that you desire."

Price looked stupidly at the speaker. His glaring eyes seemed to come back from somewhere a long way off.

"Where am I?" he asked hoarsely. "Where has he gone to? He came back here, I swear. As soon as he saw me he gave a cry and doubled back. At first I couldn't believe my luck. But I was after him quick enough and he came in here. Where is he?"

"Perhaps I could tell better if I knew who you were looking for?"

"I'm looking for Ericsson. He came back here, I swear. If I could only hold him by the throat, if I could only choke the life out of him! Where has he got to?"

Price's glance travelled over Desborough's shoulders to the door beyond. He muttered something like an oath. He crossed to the door, passed to the room beyond, then he came back again. There was something in this cool proceeding that irritated whilst it amused Desborough.

"I suppose you are quite satisfied," he said. "If there is any other information you require I shall be very glad to give it to you."

He spoke with a cynical tone that was quite lost on Price. The latter was still breathing heavily, as if he had not yet recovered from the effects of his chase.

"He's got away," Price said. "There was a back door. What's the matter?"

Desborough fairly gasped. Cold and self-contained as he generally was, he thrilled now, he had made a discovery that thrilled him to the core.

"I know you," he said. "You were convicted at last Hardcastle Assizes and sentenced to seven years. You came very near to proving one of the most ingenious alibis ever tendered in a court of justice. I am a barrister, and I was present at the assizes. Under ordinary circumstances you should be in gaol now. Let me see—what is your name?"

"I don't mind telling you," the other said with a hard laugh, "seeing that you know so much. My name is Eli Price. And much good may the information do you."

Desborough made no retort. This was the missing witness in the great Certified Company under his own roof, the man whose extraordinary escape had given him an unexpected and blessed reprieve at the hands of Graham Minter. As a barrister or a future Cabinet Minister his duty was plain before him. He ought to have instantly called in the police and handed his visitor over to justice. But he did nothing of the kind, he sat at his desk thoughtfully turning over the situation. So long as Price was free he was fairly safe. Price back in strong hands again and he was in peril. He looked up suddenly, and Price smiled.

"I see nothing to be amused at," he said. "If I do my duty——"

"But you are not going to do your duty," Price snarled. "I can read a face as well as most people. Yours is a cold and hard face, but you are not going to give me up. For some reason or another, you are going to keep your knowledge to yourself, to make use of me. Not that I care so long as you keep your tongue between your teeth."

CHAPTER TEN.

Still Further Tried.

FOR once in his life Desborough had no retort ready. This man had read his mind with an accuracy that was amazing. He had yielded to the temptation, he dared not give Price up. So long as this man was at large, nothing very definite could come of the Certified Company trial, that fatal tampering with Desborough's brief would not be necessary.

"Who are you, really?" he asked.

"Never mind that," Price retorted. "I'm a public school and university man, and that is enough for you for the present. You ask no questions, and you will be told no lies. The point is that I left a policeman half dead outside, and that, all things considered, I should be more safe if I chose another exit. Is it possible to find one?"

Desborough pointed to the door by means of which Ericsson had got away. "Try that direction," he said. "It is the caretaker's private right of way."

Price nodded and disappeared. Hardly had he gone before there was a knock at the door. Before Desborough could shout a request for his visitor to come in, Price's bullet head was back again.

"Locked!" he said crisply, "and only one light left. Caretaker's evidently gone to bed. What——"

"Stay where you are!" Desborough whispered fiercely. "I've got a visitor. Don't show yourself if you have any respect for your safety and my reputation. Go back!"

Price nodded. It was all the same to him. He was quite safe where he was, and for some reason or another his involuntary host was going to shield him. Price darted back again and pushed the door to as Desborough's visitor entered. The barrister seemed to be poring over some papers as if he had no mind for anything else in the world. The shaded lamp flooded the table, and left the rest of the room in semi-darkness.

Desborough looked up abstractedly at the slim, girlish figure. It paid him to pose like this. He made out a shabby dress, and a slim hand in a shabby glove, but he could not see the face.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I come from Mr. Denton," the visitor said. "He particularly asked me to let you have this typed notice to-night. And I could not find a messenger, so I brought this myself. Will you be so good as to look over the pages and see if they are correct."

The voice was gentle and refined, and pleasing to Desborough's ear. The notes were beautifully correct, and clearly done, and the barrister said as much.

"I am glad of that," the girl said timidly. "I—I get my living that way. My name is Alice Price, and I live in Paradise Buildings. If you should ever have work of that kind to do I can do it well at very reasonable prices. I have a lot of time on my hands."

Desborough listened with a certain interest. He had not the slightest feeling or compassion for anybody, but it struck him that there was a romance here. The girl was evidently a lady. As if by accident he pushed up the shade of the lamp so that the light fell full on the girl's face.

"I must tell my clerk your name and ask him to give you an opinion or two to copy," he said. "If the work is quite satisfactory——"

Desborough stopped with a gasp. He saw a pale, beautiful face, delicate and refined, a face that was strange, and at the same time familiar to him. The girl looked mildly surprised.

"A twinge of neuralgia," he muttered. "It comes from working too hard. Are you quite sure that your name is Price, young lady?"

An original competition has just started in SHORT STORIES. One penny, every Tuesday.

"I am quite certain of it," the girl said, flushing hotly. "I—I am married."

"And before your name was Price was it not Alice Beaumont? Believe me, I am not asking out of any mere motive of curiosity."

"It was a secret," the girl murmured. "In fact, it is a secret still. I cannot tell how you found out, but I implore you as a gentleman not to let it go any further. If you know my people——"

"I know your people very well indeed, your sister especially so. It was your extraordinary likeness to her that told me who you were. All the world knows, all I know is that Mrs. Beaumont's younger daughter married unhappily, and there is an end of the matter. But surely, there can be no reason why you do not let them know that—that——"

Desborough paused in some confusion. With all his faults and vices, this acting the hypocrite was a new *rôle* to him. As a matter of fact, he was profoundly disturbed. The secret of the diaries that had come into his hands professionally had told him of the disgrace that had befallen Mrs. Beaumont's younger daughter. But then the diaries had also told him that the girl and the man to whom she had given her heart were dead. And here she was alive and well, but with every desire to keep the fact from her relatives.

Clearly it was the policy of Clifford Desborough to aid in the deception. True, if Alice and her mother came together again, the disgrace would not be washed away, and he would still retain his iron grip on the fortune and person of Maude, but the extra knowledge would give him fresh power. It was strange that he and Alice should have met there at such a time.

"I will do anything that you like," he murmured. "For the present your secret is safe with me. Presently I shall hope to persuade you to divulge it. And I will take care that you have plenty of work to do, we have lots of it here, Miss——"

He hesitated over the name. The stranger flushed.

"I am what I claim to be," she said proudly. "My name is Price. I couldn't prove the fact yet, but I hope to some day. I was bitterly deceived, but not in that way. But the time is coming when I shall be able to clear my name, such as it is."

She spoke with a deep note of bitterness in her voice.

"Your husband did not prove satisfactory?" Desborough asked.

"The man that I claim for a husband was a scoundrel. He deceived me. He thought I had money, but I had none. All the money belongs to Maude, my sister. My father died poor, and Maude's money came from her godmother. The man I married thought we were co-heiresses. He never mentioned the matter to me. Oh, if he only had, if he only had done so!"

There were tears in the girl's eyes, a bitter regret in her voice. Then she drew herself up, and went on in a quiet voice. She was very like Maude, Desborough thought.

"Not that it matters," she said. "I am fairly free, or thought I was free till to-night. It is not every woman who rejoices in the thought that her husband has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. But I was glad, really glad to hear——"

"Your husband is in gaol?" Desborough asked hoarsely.

"Yes, you see when Eli—a pretty name, is it not?—when Eli——"

But Desborough was not listening. He was utterly dazed and confused for the moment. It had only just occurred to him that Alice Beaumont had given the name of Price. And that very Price at that moment was not many feet away behind a door that was not closed. The convict was here, and could prove if he liked the truth of the girl's words. Here was another and a still deeper temptation. A word, a sign, and Price would have gone back to the Fate that he had earned, and this unhappy girl would have been free to look the whole world in the face again. Like a flash, the thought of Graham Minter crossed Desborough's mind. He stepped over to the girl and laid a hand on her lips.

"For Heaven's sake be silent!" he whispered hoarsely. "Remember that even here walls may have ears. I hope you have not said——"

He was shaking with excitement. The girl looked at him with wild amazement. What could he mean? What had she said or done to cause all this violent agitation on the part of so strong a man? Desborough read the questions in the girl's eyes. He drew a slip of paper and a pen to him.

"I am not quite myself to-night," he said. "And I am more deeply interested in this case than you imagine. Write your address here."

"Paradise Buildings," the girl said. "Just off the street that——" Desborough stifled something like an oath. Silence was everything at this moment. The man in the inner room must not know.

"Write," he said sternly, "and then leave me. I am very busy. That will do!"

The address was set down with a shaking hand, and the next moment Alice was in the street. Desborough called carelessly to the escaped convict. He lounged into the room. How much or how little did he know, Desborough wondered. But he could read nothing in Price's eyes.

"Safe to go, eh?" he muttered. "Like my room better than my company, eh? Well, so long. But you haven't seen the last of Eli Price!"

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

A Free Man.

Once out in the roadway Price stepped out briskly. His quarry was not in sight, but he expected to come up with him presently. Really things were coming out splendidly for him. Only yesterday morning he had been a prisoner with no hope of freedom. In his wildest dreams he had not expected anything like this. He was to go to London to give evidence, to which he looked forward with more or less indifference.

It would be a change, anyhow. He would see fresh faces and scenery, he would have the privilege of talking, at the stations where the trains stopped he would get something respectable in the way of food. There was something like a smile on his broad face as he thought of it. On the whole he looked forward to it.

And here he was free! It had all come like a dream. There was a dissolving view of a struggle, the dull thud of blows, a vision of two warders lying back, dazed and white in their respective corners of a third-class carriage, and then Price was speeding down a country lane in a high dog-cart with two strange companions. An overcoat had been hurriedly buttoned over his convict's garb, and one of his new friends proffered him a cigarette. The delicious flavour of the tobacco filled Price with content.

"What's it all mean?" he asked. "Where are you taking me to?"

"No harm intended," the driver said. "Ask no questions and you'll hear no lies."

They came to the outskirts of a wood at length, and there Price changed his stripes for a suit of artisan's clothing. It was nearly dark before the dog-cart went on again, and it was quite late when, coming down Hampstead way, Price could see the lights of London. It mattered little where Price was going. He was free now and meant to remain so. The dog-cart pulled up at length, and at a sign Price dismounted.

"Now foot it the rest of the way," Price's companions growled. "Then we'll give you some supper and a bed and tell you all about it to-morrow."

Price was in no mood to ask questions. The supper was good, the bed better, so clean and comfortable that Price slept far into the next afternoon. The luncheon was as good as the supper, and the escaped convict ate heartily. His taciturn companion pushed a box of cigarettes across the table and glanced at Price.

"I dare say you'd like to know what all this means," he growled. "You'd better call me Jones. That ain't my real name, but it's good enough for the people here, and you're my brother Bill, up from the north, looking for a job as a boiler-maker. I'm a gas engineer. Is there anything more you'd like to know?"

"A lot," Price said, as he puffed at his cigarette. "What have I got to pay for that little job yesterday? You didn't run all this risk to get my company for nothing."

Price's rough manner had left him. He spoke with the air and manner of a gentleman. He picked his words slowly and there was a cynical flavour about them.

"You've got nothing to do," the other said sullenly. "There's big people behind the job, though who they are I don't know any more than the dead. All I had to do was to get you out of the way, and to see that you don't go taking the air in the locality of the Law Courts. That's what I'm paid for and I'll see that it's done."

Price pulled thoughtfully at his cigarette. So the reason of that daring and successful attempt at kidnapping was to prevent his giving evidence in the Certified Company case. For the present he was at a loss to understand why. How could the suppression of his evidence be of such vital importance to one party or another? But he would find out, as men with a jaw like Price's find out everything that they set their minds on. There might be money in this later on. For the present he was free. Till the hue and cry had died away he would be housed and fed and well looked after. There would be no going back to prison again. And Price was a man of resource, his knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar.

"Then so long as I keep close, I can do as I like?" he asked.

"Oh, can you!" the other sneered. "Not much. My orders are not to lose sight of you on any account. If the police pick you up again I shall have had all the trouble for nothing. You can go for walks after dark, but I go along too."

Price smiled to himself as he lit another cigarette. He had not the slightest intention of being used as a puppet in somebody else's game. To their own ends some other people had set him at liberty. But his liberty was not going to be curtailed like that. He would give his gaoler the slip presently and lose himself in London.

"All right," he said, dropping into his rougher manner. "I'm not likely to go out so long as it is daylight. Leave me plenty of cigarettes and a paper and I'll make myself comfortable. Only I shall be glad of your entertaining company after dark."

The other man lounged away leaving Price to his own reflections. For the present he was tired, he dare not go out in the daylight. And even when darkness came he could not slip away as he might have done for the simple reason that he had no money. The other man seemed to be pretty flush, for he had taken out a handful of sovereigns to find a sixpence to send the landlady's little girl to fetch some cigarettes. Price's eyes gleamed as he saw the gold. If only that were in his possession he need not trouble his new friends any longer. And they need have no anxiety as to his coming in contact with the police. Price would see to that for his own sake.

He read the paper carefully as a man does who has been debarred from newspapers for a long time, he read of his own escape with a grim smile. He carefully noted the names of counsel engaged on both sides, for in his roaming life he had once been in the service of the Certified Company. But, puzzle as he would, he could find no reason why his tongue should have been tied in this way. It was quite dark before the other returned.

"Come along and stretch your legs," he said. "We'll try a music hall presently."

"You don't mind my sending a telegram?" Price said.

"Yes, I do," the other growled. "None of your nonsense. My orders were to let you communicate with nobody. You're being well looked after and well fed and you ought to be satisfied. We'll have a drink at some respectable place, and you can go as far as the Momus in Oxted Road."

Price professed himself to be perfectly agreeable. It was no cue of his to run counter to the wishes of his companion. But he set his teeth close as he heard the jingling of the sovereigns in the other man's pockets. It would go hard if those sovereigns were not his before long.

"I'd like to have sent that telegram," he said, "but, after all, it doesn't matter much. There used to be a snug little house down this way that I knew years ago—the Norfolk Arms."

The other man nodded. The Norfolk Arms was well known to him. They might just as well take their whisky and soda there as anywhere else. A florid-looking landlord with a fat face and a cunning eye started as he caught sight of Price. The latter passed a glance at his companion. He made a significant gesture of pouring something into a glass, and a moment later a tiny phial was dexterously slipped into his hand by the landlord under pretence of tendering his customer a match. The other man had seen nothing of what was going on.

"Better be moving," Price suggested. "We don't want to be out late."

The other man nodded. A half hour passed in the Momus watching a dreary and not too refined entertainment and in the consuming of more whisky-and-soda. A fight flared up in one corner and Price's companion stood up eagerly to watch. Like a flash the little bottle came out of Price's pocket and the contents were dropped into his companion's glass. There was a sound of a scuffle, the sudden flash of a policeman's buttons and it was peace again. The other man drank his whisky with a remark that they sold pretty queer stuff at such places.

"Come along!" Price said. "This isn't good enough. We're better at home. My nerves ain't very strong, and the sight of that policeman gave me a turn."

The other man rose willingly. He seemed dazed and stupid as they reached the outer air. He muttered something about poisonous drink, he hung heavily on Price's arm. It taxed the enormous strength of the convict to get his companion along. They came presently to a new road where extensive building operations were being carried on. Price literally carried his now senseless companion into one of the empty houses and laid him on a pile of sacking. He plunged eagerly for the sovereigns into the other's pocket. There had been no mistake; here was a score or more of the precious, clinking, yellow coins, more than enough to keep Price in funds till he had developed his plans.

"Well, my star is in the ascendant to-night," he muttered. "Freedom, a change of clothes, getting clear away to London, and a pocketful of money, all in a little over twenty-four hours. I ought to back my luck now that it is in. Goodbye, my friend, sleep well, and if you have a fine head in the morning, put it down to the Momus whisky."

Price strode cheerfully along in the direction of London. It was a little past ten when he reached Oxford Circus. Here he stopped to dispatch a telegram. Then he wandered on filled with an exulting sense of freedom. What should he do next he was asking himself. He had a presentiment that further developments were coming. It was at this moment that a passing figure half stopped, there was the sound of an alarmed cry. And then it was that Price found himself face to face with Ericsson—Ericsson in the flesh, the cur who had laid a better man than himself by the heels. Price forgot everything in the exultation of the moment. What followed the reader already knows.

Price smiled to himself as he followed in the tracks of the girl whose life he had so darkened and shadowed.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Paradise Buildings.

Alice came at length to a gloomy thoroughfare with high tenement houses on either side that excluded the light of day. Here are suites of rooms let off to the struggling respectable classes, artisans, tailors, workers in wax and other flowers, and the many trades by which half the world eks out a precarious livelihood. In one of these tiny flats Alice Price worked hard day in and day out at a typewriter.

The room was barely furnished, a cheap lamp stood beside the typewriter, there was nothing there to detract anything but the direst poverty save for a lovely bunch of lilies in a tawdry glass jar. The poor girl who usually slaved at the typewriter looked not unlike a lily herself. She was young, and under ordinary circumstances would have been beautiful, but the dull despair of her eyes had taken all the flash and colour out of them, her face was rarely pale—the pallor that speaks out plainly of the want of proper food. And yet there was something very attractive about the girl, for she was little more. Alice flung herself into a chair with a sigh, her head was aching; her meeting with Desborough and his identification of her had disturbed her and robbed her of her sense of security. She would not go there again. And then she looked at the little packet of money Desborough had thrust into her hand at parting. And there was more to come from that quarter, and money was so hard to earn.

"Eleven shillings," the girl sighed. "It seemed so much and yet so little. And the promise of regular work. I cannot—cannot turn my back on it. I suppose God wills it this way. If only Mr. Desborough will be discreet and silent."

There was a hurried knock at the door and a man entered. He was a tall, well-set man, with a cheery, pleasant face and a pair of resolute grey eyes. The girl smiled and held out her slim white hand.

"How good you are always to think of me," she said "Come in, Mr. Denton."

Harvey Denten needed no second invitation; it was easy to see that something besides mere good-heartedness brought Denton to Paradise Buildings. There was a yearning look in his eyes that told its own story. He glanced down tenderly into the pale, flower-like face.

"There is nothing in the least kind about it, Alice," he said. "You know perfectly well why I come here. My darling, if you would only take my advice and get rid of that man."

Alice Price laid a trembling hand upon the speaker's lips.

"Hush!" she whispered, "you must say no more about that. You promised me. That man is my husband. It suits him to say that such is not the fact, that he had a wife alive at the time he married me, but he *is* my husband, and my duty is plain; and if I did what you ask I should bring shame and disgrace upon my mother and sister. They think that I am dead; it is far better that they should keep that delusion. I know that you love me, dear."

"God knows that I do," Denton said hoarsely. "And you cared for me. I believe that you care for me still, only you are bound to what you consider your duty. And that man fascinated you; his indomitable will swallowed your weaker one altogether. And your father found out everything too late to save you. Your mother——"

"My mother knows nothing, and never shall," Alice said, with a determination that caused her voice to tremble. She looked strong and brave enough now. "Harvey, you found me out by accident. If you had not come here on one of your journalistic missions you would never have known. You have been very kind to me, and you will not betray my secret."

The sweet face was pleading, and Denton yielded. But it

"The Amethyst Box" is the title of a new serial story by Anna Katharine Green in the June LADY'S MAGAZINE.

was all very hard, when so near at hand. Alice had relations who would have received her with open arms, and surrounded her with every luxury. He put aside sentiment resolutely.

"I've brought some more work for you," he said. "It's my own 'copy,' which you are used to. They are some facts that I got up for Clifford Desborough, which he wants for that big case of his; but you have already done some 'copy' on the same case. If you could let him have the 'copy' to-morrow."

Alice nodded resolutely. She felt sick and tired to-night, but work meant money, and it meant that there was no time for idle repining.

"It shall be done," she said. "I have already seen Mr. Desborough to-night; but I am sorry that I went, sorry my usual little messenger failed me. It was very unfortunate, but Mr. Desborough recognised me."

Denton looked uneasy. He had not anticipated this. His heart softened and grew sad as he noted the pretty, pallid face. If he could only have induced Alice to let him help her more materially. But he had tried it once before, and it had nearly severed their friendship. Alice had sternly set her face against accepting more than the market price for her work. If he could only scheme a way!

Alice half turned her head away, and the slim fingers played with the keys of the typewriter. Denton sighed.

"I suppose I must go," he said. "I am afraid that we must wait and hope for the best. But if your mother and sister only knew, I am sure——"

"But they must not know, Harvey; they must never know. One word, and they would be here at once. And it would break my mother's heart. I made my bed deliberately, and I must lie upon it. I left home and friends and everything that life holds dear for the sake of a scoundrel who thought he had married a fortune. He did not know that my sister had everything and I nothing. Good night, dear old boy, and may God bless you."

Denton kissed the slim, white hand in silence. He did not dare to trust his voice at present. And there were tears on the keys of the typewriter as Alice bent over them, tears that she brushed away, and then went on with her work resolutely.

She worked on mechanically for some time, till her fingers grew stiff and her weary eyes could hardly make out the keys. Her mind was in a whirl; she tried vainly to understand why it was that Mr. Desborough puzzled her. Why had he been so strange in his manner, and why had the name of Eli Price so strangely agitated him? Even in the seclusion of his own chambers he had bade her be silent, and had suggested that walls have ears. Then he had made her write down her address, as if fearful that somebody close by was listening. But one thing Alice felt very certain about—Desborough would not betray her to her mother and sister. Alice put her typewriter up, and resolutely made up her mind not to think any more about it for the present. There was a stealthy footstep on the stair, and presently it stopped before the door. The latch turned, and a man came in. At the sight of him all the blood receded from Alice's face, and left her white to the lips.

Price bowed ironically and smiled. In spite of his disguise Alice recognised him instantly.

"Paradise Buildings," he said mockingly. "Many thanks for the information. Our friend the popular barrister didn't want me to know that. But you blurted it out, and the escaped convict hiding in the back room heard all he wanted to know."

Alice said nothing. She was too dazed and stunned by this unexpected blow. This man had humiliated and disgraced her enough. When the prison doors had closed upon him she had held herself to be free for some years to come. Then here he was back again, under her own roof, an escaped convict, a fugitive from justice, and she would be compelled to shield him. She could only sit there with a face white and ghastly, and regard her tormentor with sad eyes.

"That swell friend of your family is up to something," Price went on. "It was his duty when accident took me to his rooms to give me up to justice. And why didn't he give me up to justice? Because for some reason or another he doesn't want me to give evidence on that trial I came up for. I don't know what his little game is, but I mean to find out. And when I do find out there will be money in it for me. And that chap won't betray you to your friends. Why?"

Price asked the question again, and at length Alice found words to reply.

"Because he is a gentleman," she said.

"Rot. Because he's interested in that haughty sister of yours, because he means to marry her and have possession of all her money. Desborough is in a big position, and likely to be in a bigger one, but he is as desperately hard up as I am. But never mind about that. Go and get me a bottle of brandy and some cigars. The public houses are not closed yet."

Alice hesitated, and the man made a significant gesture with uplifted hand. He threw on the table a sovereign from his ill-gotten gains.

"None of your pride," he muttered. "I thought I had broken you of that. Get the brandy and get the cigars and then I'll tell you what I mean to do next. There's a fine night's work before you, my girl, if you only knew it. That white face and these mournful eyes of yours will make our fortunes yet."

With trembling limbs Alice crept down the stairs. She passed into the street, but the cool night air failed to revive her. Just for an instant the world seemed to go spinning round her, and her reason was gone. When she came to herself her head was half reclining on a man's shoulder. As Alice drew back she found herself face to face with Harvey Denton.

"Oh, leave me," she cried. "If you only knew, if you only knew!"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

In the Hour of Need.

DENTON could do no more than stand there waiting for Alice to speak again. That some new and overwhelming trouble had come upon her he could see from the expression on her face. He had never seen the poor girl hopeless before. But now the white drawn despair of those features touched him to the heart. The broad gleaming band from the electric standard close by shone into Alice's eyes as if they were deep pools. The dumb, patient misery of them moved Denton to something like anger.

"You ought not to be here at all," he said, in low, tense tones. "What is a beautiful, refined creature like you doing in this vile atmosphere? Alice, I can't work properly for thinking of you. Even you cannot touch pitch without being defiled. It must be horrible."

Alice shuddered. How horrible only she knew. A drunken ruffian staggered by with foul words upon his lips. A mad impulse to spring upon the brute and strike him to the ground was checked by Denton. After all, that would only make matters worse. Alice had forgotten her husband just for a minute. She was pure in mind and thought, but she loved this man, and he loved her, and both of them knew it.

"A little place in the country," Denton urged. "A cottage where at least you could breathe fresh air and enjoy God's blessed sunshine. I could get you plenty of work to do. And here you are in some fresh and terrible trouble that——"

The words recalled Alice to herself. She started forward.

"I cannot listen," she said. "I dare not. There is another trouble; yes. And I have to do something from which my soul recoils. If I dared ask you!"

Alice's pale face flamed. Denton would have done anything for her.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly. "Only tell me. Anything in the world for you!"

Alice stammered out an explanation. She wanted brandy and cigars. The latter she could get without any great inconvenience, but the former could only come from one of the great glittering palaces that seemed to breed and flourish like noxious blossoms in the foul miasma of a low neighbourhood. She had never entered one of these places as yet.

"You are ill!" Denton cried. "It is for yourself?"

"It is not!" Alice cried. "Oh, please do not ask me, indeed you must not. Get me a quantity, a large bottleful, so that I may be spared the humility again—and again. See, here is a sovereign, I am ashamed to ask you, but——"

The girl could say no more. Just for a moment Denton stared at the glittering coin in Alice's little pink palm. Whence had that sovereign come? Such a sum was wealth to the girl. And why did she want so large a quantity of spirit? But the pleading misery in the poor girl's eyes robbed Denton of his suspicions.

"Wait here," he said. "I shall not be long."

There was a place close by, where he had been many times before in search of copy. He asked for a bottle of brandy, which was handed to him with a wink.

"Four and nine to you, sir," the landlord said in a fat whisper. "Got something on, eh? See anybody here you recognise? Down the counter, drinking champagne!"

Denton looked in the indicated direction. A man in evening dress stood with a small crowd about him drinking champagne.

"So he's out again?" Denton said thoughtfully.

"And as large as ever," the landlord replied in the same oily whisper. "Better not let him see you, sir. He's got a dangerous gang with him, and he's had too much to drink."

Denton nodded and withdrew, deeming discretion to be the better part of valour. There were a good many reasons why he did not want to encounter the man in evening dress at present, and Alice was waiting for him.

"How can I thank you?" Alice said. "I could not have gone there myself."

"But why should you go at all?" Denton urged. "If this is an errand of charity, if you are providing for some poor fellow out of your own slender means——"

"But I am not. The money is not my own. Oh, I wish I could tell you. There is——"

Alice paused. A wild, red flush spread over her face. Denton thought that he understood.

"You are in the meshes," he said. "That man has dragged you down, and you cannot escape. If it is some vile confederate of his who is hiding——"

"Oh, no, no! I would not permit that. Harvey, it is *the man himself!*"

Alice glanced round fearfully, as if afraid that the walls might hear her. She felt a strange sense of relief now that she had told the truth.

"Impossible!" Denton said. "Why he is—he is——"

"He was. Now he is up in my room. It is all like some evil dream. There was a footstep and a sound. Then I looked up, and there he was."

"My poor girl!" Denton groaned. "As if your punishment was not enough already! You will have to bear it now, to put up with it for the time. One comfort you have, it cannot be for long. He will try something desperate and get caught, the police will discover where he is. Alice——"

But the girl had gone. She felt that she could stay there no longer without bursting into tears. One good and true friend remained to her, but she had not even thanked him. Hardly knowing what to do next, Denton stood irresolute on the edge of the pavement. He was a man who hated to be beaten, but he had to confess that he was baffled and beaten now.

"I won't go away yet," he told himself. "Something tells me that she will want me again. Did ever a poor girl pay so terrible a price for mistaking a scoundrel for an honest man before? I ought to tell the police where the fellow has got to."

A quarter of an hour passed, and Denton was still standing there, heedless of the flight of time. A loud burst of laughter smote on his ears, a little way down the road some man was parting with a little knot of companions. Then he separated from them and came swaggering towards Denton. His light overcoat was open, displaying his evening dress beneath. Denton crossed the road as he recognised the newcomer for the man he had seen in the "Bay Horse."

The man passed him now, and paused before the block of buildings where Alice had her small abode. He merely looked at the number over the porch and strode in. A sudden inspiration came upon Denton, and he followed. There were many people passing up and down the corridor leading into Alice's room. Before it the swaggering stranger knocked, and then, without hesitation, walked in. Denton had more than he wanted to know for the present.

"I'd like to go in and break the heads of the pair of them," he growled. "As it is, I had better keep myself for something better. I'm certain to be wanted presently."

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

NEW AND STRANGE.

All About Some of the Latest Inventions and Discoveries.

CATCHING fish by music is the latest device of an American girl. Fish like musical sounds, so she plays a violin and sings on the bank of the river; the fish come in shoals, and are scooped in the net which a friend has ready for them.

THE tiniest working model engine is less than half an inch in height, and weighs three dwts. It is made of gold, silver, brass, and steel; the fly-wheel is little more than a quarter of an inch in diameter. Compressed air is used as the motive power, and the engine works admirably. It can stand on a sixpence.

A NOVEL contrivance for warming the bits of bridles consists of a cap piece, which can be fitted to any stable lantern, and is provided with grooves for holding the bits. The bits, which often become icy cold in bitter weather while hanging in the stables, are warmed by the lantern, and much discomfort to horses is thereby prevented.

AN OCULIST has discovered the snake seen by the sufferer from delirium tremens. On examining the eyes of sixteen of these alcoholic victims, he found that the minutest blood vessels of the retina were congested, and these tiny vessels, when moving, caused images that resembled black, wriggling bodies to appear before the retina.

THE Hewitt light is the newest form of electric lamp. It is a tube filled with mercury vapour, which gives an exceedingly brilliant light; it has one peculiarity—it has no red rays, which causes objects to appear different in colour than they are, and makes people's faces ghastly. In all other respects it is a superb light, and is incomparable for reading.

A FRENCH electrical expert has devised an electric fireplace and oven which not only roasts and bakes, but turns the spit as well. The ordinary grate is turned into a small electric furnace, with heat radiating as from a coal fire. Saucepans are electrically connected, and you can boil, bake and roast without more trouble than simply switching on the current.

IN TARGET practice the bullets which do not strike the target smash themselves against the iron wall behind it. In the new bullet-saving target, the wall is replaced by an inclined surface of iron, so that the bullets strike against this, run down the incline, and drop into a receiving chamber, from which they can be collected and used as raw material for making new bullets.

THE Hamilton Watch has works not thicker than a five-shilling piece, inclosed in a gold case; it is keyless, and moderate in price. It has been designed to avoid the bulkiness of the ordinary watch, which bulges the waistcoat pocket of the evening dress suit to such an extent that many gentlemen had ceased to wear it. The new watch can be seen at 202 Regent Street, London, W.

TRIGGER-FINGER is the name given to the latest malady and it is peculiar to golf players. The jarring and the pressure of the club handle against the first joint of the little finger causes a thickening of that joint, and in time this becomes so marked that the finger remains bent, and has to be forced into a straight position. This operation causes it to click. Women are more liable to it than men.

A NEW automatic arrangement for feeding fowls is being used across the Atlantic. An alarm clock is placed in a box, which is attached to the upper part of a receptacle for holding grain. When the alarm goes off, it releases a string, which allows a slide to drop, and out falls the grain. The fowls soon understand that the alarm means feeding time. The string coils automatically round the alarm again as the latter re-winds itself by the action of the clockwork.

THE newest picture postcards are those issued by the Italian War Office. They contain the badge of the particular regiment for which they are intended, with the names of the battles in which it has taken part, the standard, and portraits of famous generals. The cards are sold to the soldiers at a nominal price, so that the men may use them in writing to friends and relations. This is a method of popularising the army from which the Italian Government expects good results.

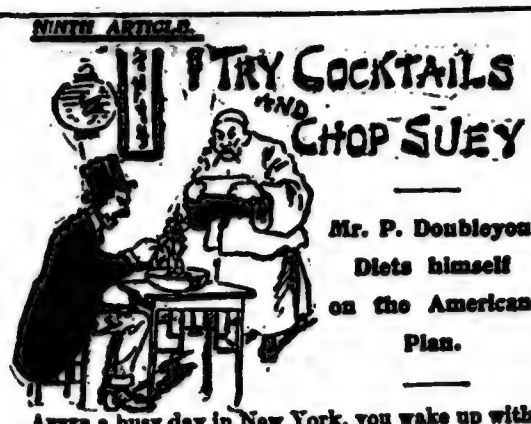
A NEW screwdriver is intended to assist mechanics who have to drive screws into positions where it is not easy to hold the screw with one hand, while giving the driver the first turn. Before that first turn can be given and the screw secured in position, there is often a side slip, and the screw drops into an inconvenient place. The new screwdriver is fitted with tiny clamps that hold the head of the elusive screw till it is nicely in position, and then the clamps can be drawn back towards the handle, leaving the driver free.

A NEW apparatus for saving lives in case of fire was tested recently by the Littlehampton Fire Brigade, with favourable results. The apparatus, which bears the name of Dinger's First Aid Jumping Sheet, consists of a sheet of stout canvas, which is securely fastened to four levers, which in their turn are fixed to a base two feet square. When extended the sheet measures 13ft. square, and can be easily kept in position by four men, one holding each lever. The apparatus when closed measures 11ft. in height and 2ft. in circumference. It can easily be moved by one man on a light carriage. In case of fire the sheet is extended alongside the building and persons can jump into it from any height with perfect impunity.

THE sewing machine of the future will do its work without showing the stitches on the face of the material. The lock-stitch machine, which achieves this result, is the invention of a convict. While serving ten years' penal servitude in an American prison, an ingenious inmate invented this machine, and brought it to the notice of the prison authorities. Not only did they take up the invention for use in the gaol tailoring shops, but they released the convict to enable him to patent and carry out his invention. A British company has now been formed to place the machine on the home market, it having proved an enormous success in America. Particulars from Mr. A. Owen, 34, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

An original competition has just started in SHORT STORIES. One penny, every Tuesday.

NINTH ARTICLE.



Mr. P. Doubleyou Diets himself on the American Plan.

After a busy day in New York, you wake up with "morning mania." You feel about ten years older, your eyes have a hard stare, your teeth are clenched, and your cheeks pallid.

I thought I had taken some infectious emigrant disease at first, until a friend told me it was "morning mania." "It is a reaction after your 'hustling' of the previous day." The climate is very exhilarating owing to the fact that New York is an island on the coast, and swept continuously by strong breezes, and this is its first effect on a foreigner.

American food and drink are supposed to account a lot for "morning mania." You eat a huge breakfast in New York.

The first thing that will be put on your plate will be grape fruit. This is one of the luxuries which America does not send us in large quantities.

It is like an abnormally big lemon sweetened, and is laid on your plate with ice all round it. You have to scoop the fruit out of its skin by a spoon. It is supposed to be a great "pick-me-up," so after I had eaten one

I felt my mania slipping away.

This is followed by oatmeal, sardines or anchovies, fish, beefsteak or bacon, and fruit. You get any amount of fruit with an American meal, which perhaps does something to counteract one's other food excesses.

This huge breakfast over, I set out into Broadway to kill time, until I was hungry enough to try another meal. I should have said I was swung out on to Broadway. Nearly every hotel in New York has a swing door. Standing by it is a burly negro, who violently swings it for you. As he swings it at about ten times the rate you are walking, you will probably get a heavy thud in the back, unless you "get a move on."

Broadway, of course, you have heard about. It is about five miles long, runs from Battery Park to Central Park. It is the Cornhill, Fleet Street, Cheapside, Strand, Haymarket, and Regent Street of the city joined together.

As I walked down Broadway, I saw some strange cases of Yankee 'cuteness in advertising.

Two men passed me.

One was seven feet high, the other about five. The first wore a huge placard: "I take Jupiter Tea." The other read: "I don't." In a street-car you will laugh as you read that you are forbidden to expectorate. That offence, the notice reads, "is a misdemeanour. One hundred dollars fine, or one year's imprisonment, or both, may be the penalty therefor."

As funny was the notice I read when I entered a bar to sample an American drink. Over the counter I read: "If you Find Drinking Interferes with your Business, Quit your Business!"

Then came the question of ordering my first American drink. I ran my thoughts over the beverages one has heard of in Britain. I first thought of an "eye-opener," and called for it. The waiter looked puzzled, and "guessed he'd never heard of it." Then I tried a "stone wall." He shook his head, and grinned ignorance of it. With a final effort, I said:

"Well, bring me a 'streaked lightning,'"

He replied:

"You won't get that on earth. Try higher up."

Finally I discovered that most of the so-called American drinks are unknown, at any rate, in New York. The chief ones are "cocktails" (Manhattan and Martini), which the bar-tender—a male—shakes up, pours into a tumbler of ice, and finally into a small wineglass. You are supposed to swallow a cocktail right down, and disappear from the bar. The Yankee does not spend half an hour sipping his liquor. Feeling that I could do with some lunch, I walked over to a counter and helped myself to some sandwiches, sardines, anchovies, German sausage, and cheese. Calling the waiter. I handed a dollar note to pay.

"No charge for what you eat," he said. "Your cocktail is ten cents" (fivepence). So I had been steadily filling myself for fivepence. That is what is known as "free lunch," and, of course, is familiar in Manchester and other British cities. But it is universal in America.

I sat down to a more formal lunch two hours later in Fifth Avenue. If you want a description of Fifth Avenue, I should say it is the square of twice Piccadilly multiplied by Bond Street. It is the great fashionable street, containing the best hotels, including the "Waldorf," the best clubs, the best restaurants, the millionaires' houses, and only very fashionable shops on a sumptuous scale.

There are no street-cars in Fifth Avenue, which is one long stream of hansoms, motors (known as "bubbles"), and private carriages. Higher up the Avenue, by the side of Central Park, none but millionaires need apply for sites. One palace I passed had been evacuated by Mr. Pulitzer, as it "wasn't big enough for him."

This lunch started off with oysters. You cannot escape them in New York. Three dozen a day is no large average to eat. Oysters are served you with ice, lemon, and half a dozen sauces. Then "broiled shad." Nobody is allowed by their friends to leave New York without sampling this. It is the great fish of the Hudson, Delaware, and other huge rivers. It is like a glorified herring in appearance and taste, and weighs sometimes twelve pounds. So imagine all the delights of the homely herring (roe included) multiplied sixfold, and you get an idea of shad. After some "canvas back duck"—a flaring red, juicy morsel—and miscellaneous entrées,

I called for American cheese.

The waiter glanced at me, and disappeared. A quarter of an hour later I summoned him for my cheese.

"You said American cheese, didn't you? Well, it isn't ready yet. We've had to send down specially for it. You're the first customer this month that's asked for it. You see, sir," he added confidentially, "there isn't no demand for American cheese. It's all sent abroad. Americans won't eat a cheese unless it's come from Europe."

New York, of course, has the automatic lunch. You enter a store, and all round you are machines, behind the glass covers of which are laid neat dishes. Soup comes steaming up from one machine (after dropping in your coin), fish from the next, joints, poultry, sweets, cheese, and the rest from other machines, while further along you can secure any drink, by dropping a coin in the slot, from cider to champagne.

I next "lunched" in Chinese. I had wandered down the Bowery late that afternoon. The Bowery was once the great pleasure part of the old city. Now it is a noisy, unsavoury place, teeming with cheap restaurants, theatres, side-shows, slop shops, in fact, it is New York's Whitechapel. The "elevated railroad" (known as the "L.") runs on each side of the road, and street-cars in the middle. Lying off Bowery is Chinatown, where the Celestials live their own lives. Scarcely a house but is adorned by balconies and curious devices. I passed what was called the "Chinese Delmonico," the other Delmonico is

a great Fifth Avenue restaurant.

I was received by a singularly genial-looking Chinaman, whose face wore a broad grin, and whose eyes did not altogether suggest the Far East. However, no doubt, I reasoned, those orbs change through Western associations, so after admiring his costume and pigtail, I asked him to bring me chop-suey and Chinese tea. Other Chinamen were running to and fro with strange-looking dishes. At a table near by sat a Chinaman and an American girl. He was, I was told, her husband, and when a Chinaman marries a Western girl he is the most devoted of helpmeets. In fact, many girls, particularly Irish, prefer Chinese husbands.

Chop-suey is served in a basin. It consists of chicken's liver, gizzard, and heart, mixed with pork and bacon, stowed in celery, onion, and Chinese lettuce. It is placed before you in a bowl, beside which stands another bowl of rice. Two chopsticks are given you to eat it with.

For half an hour I tried coiling that Chinese lettuce—thready stuff like macaroni—round the chopsticks, for all the world like an old lady knitting. Then I gave it up, and, when nobody was looking, had recourse to my fingers.

Chop-suey is the most filling dish I have ever eaten. It is recognised as that by the hard-up New Yorker. While the down-at-heel Londoner contents himself with a tea-shop meal, the New Yorker in the same plight tries a Chinese lunch, and it is his only daily repast.

I told my Chinese waiter that I had enjoyed my meal, and asked him how he liked being in New York, and where he had come from. He looked an intelligent and singularly Western Oriental. He replied:

"Shure, an' New York's a foine city. I come from Tipperary."

He was an Irishman, and not the only one who waits in a Chinese restaurant.

He: "May I kiss your hand?"

She: "Certainly; but if you had intimated that you preferred hands, I would not have removed my veil."

Madge: "I remember that a few years ago she was seeking a hero."

Marjorie: "She's got over that now. She's on the look-out for an idiot with plenty of money."

WHY DARK WOMEN SHOULD NOT MARRY.

They are Adverse to Submission, and Hate the Monotony of House-keeping.

The ideal wife—the wife the mere man paints in wondrous brain pictures before marriage—is never in sterner reality a dark woman. The little blonde, with her fair hair and baby blue eyes, wields the reins of a household with a natural aptitude for her onerous position and at the same time allows her husband to rule over her and *himself* with a graceful complacency which her darker sister could never even assume.

Now the secret of a fair woman's matrimonial success lies in her temperament.

She is easy-going, and though generally possessed of a certain amount of natural conceit, that conceit never by any chance runs on intellectual lines; it is her mere personal prettiness and the like that gives it birth. Thus she tacitly admits the superiority of man, bending herself unquestioningly to his will; and man, with the old inherent feudal instincts strong within him, accepts her subservience, and deems her an ideal wife accordingly, even though perchance she should fall short of many of the perfections of his pre-matrimonial ideal woman.

With a darker woman things matrimonial present a totally different aspect.

Her characteristics are averse to submission, as a fair woman accepts the meaning of the word, and while realising the burden of her vow to "love, honour, and obey," she also considers it binding upon the man to levy only such laws of obedience upon her as he himself will also observe.

She resents the aspersion that women were merely created for decorative purposes within their husband's home, and in many instances under the cramping confines of domesticity the dark woman has discovered a latent capacity to storm the labour market and given free vent to that ambition which has been crushed dormant by the heredity of generations.

When this happens, woe and bitterness enter into the family camp; for the man, fearing for his home and creature comforts may be neglected, starts a series of petty oppositions that eventually kill the sentiment and love of marriage.

The onus of settling down and accepting the humdrum routine of the average domestic life finds scant favour with a brunette; her instincts are not domestic. She can love, and with her the world passion is a passion that verily becomes part of her being; but the highest, holiest love the wide world o'er will not eradicate inherent characteristics, though for a time it may cast them into the background by the brilliance of its novelty. And under the influence of that novelty the dark bride will make a semblance of successful housekeeping.

Directly, however, the inevitable jars and frets mar the details of the home machinery the dark woman worries, and in worrying finds herself a failure. The husband, too, man-like, makes no allowance for temperament, and grumbles at this omission and that commission impartially. Then the chafe which "comes not in wearing chains, but feeling them," is first noticed, and life becomes one huge regret for the marriage which her own weakness has made a failure.

In times of trouble or illness, it must in fairness be chronicled, the dark woman never sinks down and wrings her hands helplessly after the fashion of the fairer type of her sex. She has to be up and doing; thus it may be said that trouble brings into play the best points of her character. That marked spirit of independence and self-reliance, which is bound to be held in check when fortune smiles, will under the influence of her frown assert themselves, for the good of husband and home.

Under these circumstances any man might rejoice in having selected from out the world of girls a dark woman for his wife. But no man marries under the expectation of meeting failure and trouble, nor chooses his wife with regard to her capacity to meet such calamities if they fell.

For this reason, all too often the dark woman's sterling qualities remain unappreciated, her heroism under stress of circumstances being regarded as a direct mark of aggressive superiority and resented in consequence, when in reality trouble proved to be the lever to a heart that the common round, the daily task, would ever have failed to touch.

Thus for her own sake a dark woman should not marry. She is too prone to romance, too prone to dream; and whereas for her fairer sister married life exactly realises all her expectations, for herself it must prove nothing but a series of disillusions and disappointments.

Single, she would create for herself a place in the world; married, she must fill the place her husband has created for her, and this is not all-sufficing to make her happy.

Secretly she must envy the happy little blonde immersed in domesticities and craving nothing higher, while she bitterly regrets her own incapacity to find in home her *raison d'être*.

"The Adventures of a Lady Courier" are told in the LADY'S MAGAZINE for June.

NINTH ARTICLE.

I TRY COCKTAILS AND CHOP SUEY

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AFTER a busy day in New York, you wake up with "morning mania." You feel about ten years older, your eyes have a hard stare, your teeth are clenched, and your cheeks pallid.

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Two men passed me.

One was seven feet high, the other about five. The first wore a huge placard: "I take Jupiter Tea." The other read: "I don't." In a street-car you will laugh as you read that you are forbidden to expectorate. That offence, the notice reads, "is a misdemeanour. One hundred dollars fine, or one year's imprisonment, or both, may be the penalty therefor."

As funny was the notice I read when I entered a bar to sample an American drink. Over the counter I read: "If you Find Drinking Interferes with your Business, Quit your Business!"

Then came the question of ordering my first American drink. I ran my thoughts over the beverages one has heard of in Britain. I first thought of an "eye-opener," and called for it. The waiter looked puzzled, and "guessed he'd never heard of it." Then I tried a "stone wall." He shook his head, and grinned ignorance of it. With a final effort, I said:

"Well, bring me a 'streaked lightning,'"

He replied:

"You won't get that on earth. Try higher up."

Finally I discovered that most of the so-called American drinks are unknown, at any rate, in New York. The chief ones are "cocktails" (Manhattan and Martini), which the bar-tender—a male—shakes up, pours into a tumbler of ice, and finally into a small wineglass. You are supposed to swallow a cocktail right down, and disappear from the bar. The Yankee does not spend half an hour sipping his liquor. Feeling that I could do with some lunch, I walked over to a counter and helped myself to some sandwiches, sardines, anchovies, German sausage, and cheese. Calling the waiter, I handed a dollar note to pay.

"No charge for what you eat," he said. "Your cocktail is ten cents" (fivepence). So I had been steadily filling myself for fivepence. That is what is known as "free lunch," and, of course, is familiar in Manchester and other British cities. But it is universal in America.

I sat down to a more formal lunch two hours later in Fifth Avenue. If you want a description of Fifth Avenue, I should say it is the square of twice Piccadilly multiplied by Bond Street. It is the great fashionable street, containing the best hotels, including the "Waldorf," the best clubs, the best restaurants, the millionaires' houses, and only very fashionable shops on a sumptuous scale.

There are no street-cars in Fifth Avenue, which is one long stream of hansoms, motors (known as "bubbles"), and private carriages. Higher up the Avenue, by the side of Central Park, none but millionaires need apply for sites. One palace I passed had been evacuated by Mr. Pulitzer, as it "wasn't big enough for him."

This lunch started off with oysters. You cannot escape them in New York. Three dozen a day is no large average to eat. Oysters are served you with ice, lemon, and half a dozen sauces. Then "broiled shad." Nobody is allowed by their friends to leave New York without sampling this. It is the great fish of the Hudson, Delaware, and other huge rivers. It is like a glorified herring in appearance and taste, and weighs sometimes twelve pounds. So imagine all the delights of the homely herring (roe included) multiplied sixfold, and you get an idea of shad. After some "canvas back duck"—a flaring red, juicy morsel—and miscellaneous entrées,

I called for American cheese.

The waiter glanced at me, and disappeared. A quarter of an hour later I summoned him for my cheese.

"You said American cheese, didn't you? Well, it isn't ready yet. We've had to send down specially for it. You're the first customer this month that's asked for it. You see, sir," he added confidentially, "there isn't no demand for American cheese. It's all sent abroad. Americans won't eat a cheese unless it's come from Europe."

New York, of course, has the automatic lunch. You enter a store, and all round you are machines, behind the glass covers of which are laid neat dishes. Soup comes steaming up from one machine (after dropping in your coin), fish from the next, joints, poultry, sweets, cheese, and the rest from other machines, while further along you can secure any drink, by dropping a coin in the slot, from cider to champagne.

I next "lunched" in Chinese. I had wandered down the Bowery late that afternoon. The Bowery was once the great pleasure part of the old city. Now it is a noisy, unsavoury place, teeming with cheap restaurants, theatres, side-shows, slop shops, in fact, it is New York's Whitechapel. The "elevated railroad" (known as the "L.") runs on each side of the road, and street-cars in the middle. Lying off Bowery is Chinatown, where the Celestials live their own lives. Scarcely a house but is adorned by balconies and curious devices. I passed what was called the "Chinese Delmonico," the other Delmonico is

a great Fifth Avenue restaurant.

I was received by a singularly genial-looking Chinaman, whose face wore a broad grin, and whose eyes did not altogether suggest the Far East. However, no doubt, I reasoned, those orbs change through Western associations, so after admiring his costume and pigtail, I asked him to bring me chop-suey and Chinese tea. Other Chinamen were running to and fro with strange-looking dishes. At a table near by sat a Chinaman and an American girl. He was, I was told, her husband, and when a Chinaman marries a Western girl he is the most devoted of helpmeets. In fact, many girls, particularly Irish, prefer Chinese husbands.

Chop-suey is served in a basin. It consists of chicken's liver, gizzard, and heart, mixed with pork and bacon, stowed in celery, onion, and Chinese lettuce. It is placed before you in a bowl, beside which stands another bowl of rice. Two chopsticks are given you to eat it with.

For half an hour I tried coiling that Chinese lettuce—thready stuff like macaroni—round the chopsticks, for all the world like an old lady knitting. Then I gave it up, and, when nobody was looking, had recourse to my fingers.

Chop-suey is the most filling dish I have ever eaten. It is recognised as that by the hard-up New Yorker. While the down-at-heel Londoner contents himself with a tea-shop meal, the New Yorker in the same plight tries a Chinese lunch, and it is his only daily repast.

I told my Chinese waiter that I had enjoyed my meal, and asked him how he liked being in New York, and where he had come from. He looked an intelligent and singularly Western Oriental. He replied:

"Shure, an' New York's a foine city. I come from Tipperary."

He was an Irishman, and not the only one who waits in a Chinese restaurant.

HE: "May I kiss your hand?"

SHE: "Certainly; but if you had intimated that you preferred hands, I would not have removed my veil."

MADGE: "I remember that a few years ago she was seeking a hero."

Marjorie: "She's got over that now. She's on the look-out for an idiot with plenty of money."

WHY DARK WOMEN SHOULD NOT MARRY.

They are Adverse to Submission, and Hate the Monotony of House-keeping.

THE ideal wife—the wife the mere man paints in wondrous brain pictures before marriage—is never in sterner reality a dark woman. The little blonde, with her fair hair and baby blue eyes, wields the reins of a household with a natural aptitude for her onerous position and at the same time allows her husband to rule over her and *himself* with a graceful complacency which her darker sister could never even assume.

Now the secret of a fair woman's matrimonial success lies in her temperament.

She is easy-going, and though generally possessed of a certain amount of natural conceit, that conceit never by any chance runs on intellectual lines; it is her mere personal prettiness and the like that gives it birth. Thus she tacitly admits the superiority of man, bending herself unquestioningly to his will; and man, with the old inherent feudal instincts strong within him, accepts her subservience, and deems her an ideal wife accordingly, even though perchance she should fall short of many of the perfections of his pre-matrimonial ideal woman.

With a darker woman things matrimonial present a totally different aspect.

Her characteristics are averse to submission, as a fair woman accepts the meaning of the word: and while realising the burden of her vow to "love, honour, and obey," she also considers it binding upon the man to levy only such laws of obedience upon her as he himself will also observe.

She resents the aspersion that women were merely created for decorative purposes within their husband's home, and in many instances under the cramping confines of domesticity the dark woman has discovered a latent capacity to storm the labour market and given free vent to that ambition which has been crushed dormant by the heredity of generations.

When this happens, woe and bitterness enter into the family camp; for the man, fearing he or his home and creature comforts may be neglected, starts a series of petty oppositions that crush out the sentiment and love of marriage.

The onus of settling down and accepting the humdrum routine of the average domestic life finds scant favour with a brunette; her instincts are *not* domestic. She can love, and with her the grand passion is a passion that verily becomes part of her being; but the highest, holiest love the wide world o'er will not eradicate inherent characteristics, though for a time it may cast them into the background by the brilliance of its novelty. And under the influence of that novelty the dark bride will make a semblance of successful housekeeping.

Directly, however, the inevitable jars and frets mar the details of the home machinery, the dark woman worries, and in worrying finds herself a failure. The husband, too, man-like, makes no allowance for temperament, and grumbles at this omission and that commission impartially. Then the chafe which "comes not in wearing chains, but feeling them," is first noticed, and life becomes one huge regret for the marriage which her own weakness has made a failure.

In times of trouble or illness, it must in fairness be chronicled, the dark woman never sits down and wrings her hands helplessly after the fashion of the fairer type of her sex. She has to be up and doing; thus it may be said that trouble brings into play the best points of her character. That marked spirit of independence and self-reliance, that is bound to be held in check when fortune smiles, will under the influence of her frown assert themselves, for the good of husband and home.

Under these circumstances any man might rejoice in having selected from out the world of girls a dark woman for his wife. But no man marries under the expectation of meeting failure and trouble, nor chooses his wife with regard to her capacity to meet such calamities if they fell.

For this reason, all too often the dark woman's sterling qualities remain unappreciated, her heroism under stress of circumstances being regarded as a direct mark of aggressive superiority and resented in consequence, when in reality trouble proved to be the lever to a heart that the common round, the daily task, would ever have failed to touch.

Thus for her own sake a dark woman should not marry. She is too prone to romance, too prone to dream; and whereas for her fairer sister married life exactly realises all her expectations, for herself it must prove nothing but a series of disillusions and disappointments.

Single, she would create for herself a place in the world; married, she must fill the place her husband has created for her, and this is not all-sufficing to make her happy.

Secretly she must envy the happy little blonde immersed in domesticities and craving nothing higher, while she bitterly regrets her own incapacity to find in home her *raison d'être*.

"The Adventures of a Lady Courier" are told in the LADY'S MAGAZINE for June.

Rich Men who Delight in Motiveless Mischief.

One Man Closed a Theatre just to Show his Power.

Another Turned a Beautiful Park into a Wilderness in Order to Annoy People.

THE request made by old Mr. Cripps, a few years ago, to one Stringer, a solicitor of the "shady" class, was so extraordinary that even that hardened gentleman gave a prolonged "whew!"

"I want you to make me a will wrong from beginning to end," was what Mr. Cripps said, "so that those confounded relatives of mine will have something to fight about when I'm out of the way."

Then the lawyer grinned. He half admired a man of this stamp, but he had a reputation for professional smartness to maintain.

"No, no," he said slowly, shaking his head. "It can't be done. I should lose all my clients if they thought I'd bungled a simple thing like that."

"You know, Mr. Stringer," said old Cripps persuasively, "this won't be just the usual guinea or two for you. I'll give you £20, I'll give you £50, if you'll do it."

"Make it £100, and I'll tell you what I will do. I'll undertake to draft out for you such a will as you require, but you must copy it out yourself in your own handwriting, and then destroy my draft, so that people will have no idea

I had a hand in the matter."

The solicitor's offer was accepted, old Cripps died soon after, and—exactly as the mean old man had intended—there was so much litigation over the will—a perfect masterpiece of ambiguity and intentional mistakes—that his whole estate was swallowed up in law costs, and the expectant heirs got nothing.

Some might consider even more ingenious the plan adopted by Mr. Bickerstaffe, an elderly gentleman in Cheshire. He knew perfectly well that his relatives thought he "had nothing," so, to show them otherwise, he changed all his money into banknotes shortly before he died. Each banknote he then cut into two portions, burning one and retaining the other. After Bickerstaffe's death, when the relatives came to examine his effects, they found, to their chagrin, together with a sarcastic note, valueless halves of banknotes which had represented a value of over £9,000.

Even this example of meanness was exceeded by that of Eli Wrightson, a retired provision merchant, who lived in a town

in one of the Midland counties.

The whole town was astounded when the tenants were all cleared out of a number of rows of perfectly new working men's houses, and the housebreakers arrived and began to pull the dwellings down.

The truth, however, was this. For no known reason Wrightson had a tremendous spite against his only nephew. The young man, however, got married, and having put all his savings into a very comfortable corner grocery, with a license for "beer-off," didn't care a fig for his uncle, and told him so.

The sequel is apparent. The houses—which surrounded the nephew's premises, and had been bought by the uncle for the purpose—were razed to the ground, and presently the young man found himself keeping shop in what was practically a desert. He was ruined, and one consolation is that his uncle was ruined too—the expense, some £21,000, attendant on his malicious freak, having proved

too much even for his long purse.

Here is a case from the North.

An old "gentleman," Carbery by name, bought a large spinning mill as a going concern. Having done so, he sent all the "hands" about their business, and promptly closed the factory.

No reason was ever discovered for this cruel and costly act. As Carbery himself put it, he was a rich man and wanted to do it, and he did it—that was all.

The place was only a village, and there was neither another factory nor an eligible site for one. The result was that hundreds of heartbroken people of both sexes and various ages were driven into the crowded cotton centres of South-East Lancashire.

Almost as unaccountable, and productive of much more uncommon results, was the action of a wealthy man in a busy little town which is one of our smallest boroughs.

Bit by bit old Petworthy, as his name was, acquired the whole of the property in the main street. Then he so arranged matters that the tenants, who consisted of the leading tradesmen, had all to vacate their shops at about the same time.

For months the shops stood empty, and nothing would induce the owner to let them. All sorts of influence, direct and indirect, was brought to bear on Petworthy, but to no purpose; he resisted the importunities even of Corporation deputations and the blandishments of the local M.P. and his charming lady. Quite recently the shops were still empty, and the matter ended in the tradesmen concerned setting up in various parts of the town, so that what had been the main street became a byway of comparative unimportance.

A little country town not far from the Welsh border had boasted for decades of a small theatre. It was a poor sort of a place, the home of melodrama and cheap variety entertainments; but, such as it was, it was the delight and almost the sole recreation of the youth of the little place, few of whom had ever known anything better.

Out of pure spite a rich old man, locally known as "Crabapple Williams," suddenly bought the theatre and closed it, refusing to let it for any purpose whatever. There was no other building in the town suitable for stage purposes, and the old fellow hugely enjoyed

the dismay his action caused.

There was, however, a piece of vacant land, upon which, after a while, a travelling theatre would sometimes give a few performances; but, with almost incredible meanness, old Williams bought this land too, and sternly warned off all "mountebanks," as he termed them. Williams was denounced by public and Press alike, and several times mobbed, but this extraordinary state of affairs continued until after his death, when his executors showed their common sense by promptly securing a tenant for the old theatre.

Seldom, however, has anything been chronicled more malignantly mean and unfathomable than the action of a retired North Country manufacturer named Driver, who died some years ago, lamented by none who knew him.

On the outskirts of the little town of factories and warehouses where he had lived and made his money was an old mansion with—considering the neighbourhood—a really beautiful little park attached, consisting of nearly twenty acres. Owing to a death the estate became for sale, and as it offered the only available site for a public park for the little town, the Corporation were determined to purchase it. For no apparent reason, however, old Driver was

determined they should not.

By bidding for the property far above its value, he secured it for himself. Then ensued an extraordinary scene.

One bright day in June, when Nature was at her loveliest, Driver entered upon the estate with some hundreds of men, cut down every tree and shrub, and dug up every blade of grass. In the course of a few weeks they demolished all the rockeries, and filled up a delightful little glen. Then they attacked the lakes, shot or wrung the necks of the swans and other waterfowl which inhabited them, cut off the water, and filled the lakes themselves with rubbish.

The mansion itself was next demolished, the park walls and railings taken down, and, the entire estate having been made nice and level, was turned into a rubbish tip. Driver in his will forbade the land to be occupied for any useful purpose, and at the present moment it is a dreary waste, fringed at intervals by unsightly hoardings, on the cinder-heaps behind which the youths of the neighbourhood play pitch-and-toss.

PRIZES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Uncle Toby Offers Bicycles, Penknives, Books, and other prizes.

On the first page of this number (not the cover) you will see the heading "PEARSON'S WEEKLY, To Interest, To Elevate, To Amuse," which appears week by week.

What you have to do is to **copy this heading in black ink.** The copies must be larger than the original heading, and the work must be done in school hours at the request of the master or mistress of your class. No ruling is allowed.

When the headings are done the teacher should collect them and send them along in an envelope marked "Boy" or "Girl," as the case may be, to the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C., together with a few lines certifying that the heading is in each case the unaided work of the competitor. Each heading must bear the name of the pupil who drew it. As the attempts of each school are finished they should be sent in at once, when the prizes will be immediately awarded. Schools may make any number of attempts.

To the pupil in each school competing who sends in the most accurate drawing, a little gift in the shape of either a pencil-case, penknife, book, box of water-colours, card of school requisites, or novelty top will be awarded, and to the boy and girl whose attempt the Editor considers to be the best of all those sent in from all schools will be presented a splendid Bicycle. Moreover, the teacher of each pupil who receives a Bicycle will be presented with a cheque for £5.

Show this to your school-teacher, and ask him or her to allow you and your schoolmates to enter for this competition.

The number of copies of *Pearson's Weekly* required by the teacher for the purpose of copying will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Publisher, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

WATCHES THAT PLAY HYMNS.

That Talk and Do other Extraordinary Things.

A WATCH, claimed by the makers thereof to be the smallest in the world, was recently completed by a well-known West End firm of jewellers, who thought so much of it that they issued special invitations to the editors of the leading London newspapers, asking them to send representatives to inspect and report upon it.

It was about the size and thickness of a shilling, beautifully finished, jewelled throughout, fitted with all the most modern improvements, and was said to keep excellent time.

What is believed to be the biggest watch in existence reposes among Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's museum of curiosities. It is six inches in diameter, two in thickness, and weighs sixty-three ounces.

On the opposite side to the time keeping part there is represented a miniature railway station, which, at every hour, is suddenly started into life by mechanism concealed within the case.

A tiny telegraph operator sends a message, the doors leading to the platform open, station-master and porters appear, the booking-clerk issues tickets to a number of passengers who afterwards rush frantically for the train which at that moment steams up—in short, all the bustle and hurry incidental to similar scenes in real life are faithfully reproduced.

Far more wonderful, because of its small size, is the watch owned by the Tsarina of Russia, and which was originally presented to the Empress Elizabeth on her coronation.

At the back is inset an exquisitely beautiful little model of the Holy Sepulchre, over which is seen standing, stern and motionless, a Protorian guard.

This is viewed through the crystal of the case. On opening it, the imitation stones roll away from the mouth of the miniature vault, the sentry kneels reverently, angels appear at opposite sides of the opening, and, at the same time, there is played, softly and sweetly, the music of one of the sacred Easter songs beloved by all orthodox Russians.

The watch only weighs seven ounces, but the maker is said to have worked at it almost uninterruptedly for a period of nine years.

Absolutely unique is a watch which has just been completed by Henri Houriet, of Chaux-le-Fonds, Switzerland.

It is made entirely of ivory obtained from an old billiard ball. Works, hands, and case are all of the same material. And yet, strangely enough, it keeps very good time.

The first phonographic watch was made in Paris in 1897. It was very large and heavy, but was regarded as a great curiosity nevertheless.

Now, however, watches that speak the hours in place of chiming them are not at all uncommon.

They are, it is true, still somewhat bulky as compared with the best ordinary modern chronometers, although not so much so but that they can be easily carried in an ordinary waistcoat pocket.

Beneath the crystal back of a valuable chronometer owned by a Bristol tradesman six tiny gold and silver fish with ruby eyes are seen apparently swimming about in real water. The fish, though infinitely small, are beautifully modelled, and the effect of the movement in their natural element is due to a combination of hair springs with a background of quicksilver.

One of the most treasured ornaments of a London star of burlesque is an exquisitely pretty little blouse-watch, which plays a couple of selections from "The Belle of New York." The watch is keyless so far as its ordinary mechanism is concerned, but a tiny key has to be used to start it playing. The music is low in tone, but very sweet and clear.

Very beautiful was the watch worn by the Nawab of Rampur at the recent Delhi Durbar. It was the work of a Simla jeweller, and is said to be worth between £18,000 and £20,000.

The lower case is cut from a single topaz, the upper from an emerald; and a diamond, ground very thin, serves for the glass. Although exceedingly small, this truly wonderful watch shows the seconds, minutes, quarter-hours, hours, days, weeks, months, seasons, years, and leap years, up to A.D. 9999.

Another timepiece made by this same horological expert recorded, besides all this, a host of other astronomical, historical, and geographical facts; but, being of plain gold and of greater size, its actual intrinsic value was, of course, proportionately less.

It must not be supposed, however, that other countries possess a monopoly of quaint and valuable watches. On the contrary, some of the most curious and costly specimens extant are to be found among the family heirlooms of the great British homes.

The Earls of Stamford, for instance, possess one small egg-shaped example of seventeenth century work which is worth untold gold. The cases are cut out of jacinths, and the face set round with diamonds on an enamelled border.

The Fitzgeralds own a gold watch of antique workmanship, which tells, after an odd fashion, the classic story of Jupiter and Ganymede.

The works are contained in the body of the eagle, which opens across the centre and displays the dial plate, richly engraved with scrolls and flowers on a ground of niello.

SHORT STORIES' new serial story is by Blanche Eardley, the author of "Tinsel Triumphs." It is called "The Bond Between."

Serial Story.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP.

By Arthur Applin.

FORTY-NINTH CHAPTER.

He Belongs to *Me*!

THE nine months that had passed since the disappearance of Sir Hubert Dreighton's son had added the weight of nine years to the baronet's age. Deep lines cut his face, his back bent beneath the burden God bade him bear, and old Time gave him some of his white hairs! But with the news of his son's return and innocence he grew young again, light and life returned to his eyes, he shook the burden from his back and straightened himself and once again looked the world boldly and proudly in the face.

"My son is innocent, and before many days have passed my son shall be free," he cried. "I fear nothing now; my boy is innocent."

All the old fire and energy returned to the master of Castle Cowan, he left no stone unturned to set his well-beloved heir at liberty, he gave his solicitors instructions to spare no expense.

"Employ the very finest men in England—no, in the world," he said, "to discover this man Baily, to follow Templeton, and obtain information that will confound him and release my son, and offer a reward of a thousand pounds, to be increased to ten or twenty thousand, if necessary, for information that will prove my son innocent of the crime he was tricked into believing he committed, and tricked into confessing he committed!"

He greeted his son in prison with a prayer for forgiveness for ever believing that he was guilty of accidentally killing Cory, even in face of the overwhelming evidence against him.

The meeting between father and son was such as to move even the stoical custodians of criminals, and they left the two alone together as long as possible—perhaps a little longer!

"You'll be home again in a few days, my boy," cried Sir Hubert cheerily as he bade him farewell, though his eyes would grow moist and his pride forced him to put his glasses up to hide his weakness from the eyes of his inferiors!

"You'll be home again in a few days and we'll kill the fatted calf, and—and make arrangements for the wedding, eh! Why, with luck, you'll be in time for a late rise of May-fly on the river," he laughed. "There are some fine trout waiting to be caught!"

Bravely as he spoke, his voice trembled as he said the last few words, and his spectacles became quite wet.

But he jumped into a cab outside the station and drove to the address May Cory had given him without a moment's delay.

Félise was prepared to turn every single visitor away with the curtest of "not at-home's," deeming her mistress had already suffered too much and been worried too much, but when Sir Hubert's card told her that it was Reggie Dreighton's father who demanded admission, she ran to Margaret and ruthlessly awoke her and cried excitedly:

"Mr. Reggie's father, madame! Sir Hubert Dreighton—he has come to see you, he has come to save Mr. Reggie."

But Margaret only sighed and frowned.

"I don't want to see him, I don't want to see anyone!"

"But it is Sir Hubert Dreighton," repeated Félise. "I have shown him into the boudoir, it is the father, madame, he will save Mr. Reggie."

"Oh, no, he hasn't come to save him," said De Février wearily. "He has come to ask me to do that, to save him—and then to give him up!

"Still I will see him, though I'm tired of fighting. Tell him I will come presently! I wonder what has happened to me," she added to herself. "My heart seems to have frozen since morning. I don't feel, I almost don't care!"

If Sir Hubert Dreighton had a weakness, that weakness was a wonderful old-world admiration and respect for all women, united with a great pity. But then Sir Hubert was old-fashioned!

Still he knew his weakness—though some would have called it strength and nobility, and for once in his life he was prepared to overcome it, forget it! He guessed the kind of woman he had come to see, he knew that she loved his son, and he knew that love sometimes can be as cruel and selfish as it is often noble and generous.

To gain her help he guessed he might have to use tact and strength, and sacrifice her happiness to save his son.

It was with some nervousness he awaited her in the pretty boudoir, an index to her character; he hated paining any human creature, and he knew he was going to pain the woman, no matter what sort of woman she was, who had after all protected and saved his son when in danger.

Proud and stern by nature with men of his own rank, and gentle and humble to women, children, and his inferiors, he knew it would be difficult to be stern with Margaret, and when she entered the room with the suffering she had undergone plainly marked on her beautiful face, he felt his pride and strength ebbing fast away, and a gentle pity taking its place.

"Sir Hubert Dreighton, I believe," she said, in a dull, tired voice, looking at him with a certain amount of interest, which grew to respect as she felt, as well as saw, his gentle, dignified bearing, and marked the lines of suffering which lingered on his handsome face.

Sir Hubert bowed and took her hand.

"Yes, I am Reggie's father," he said, with direct simplicity.

"Then I know what you have come for," she said. "You want me to clear his name, and then you want to take him away from me."

She too felt her strength ebbing, she felt the heart she had fancied frozen begin to melt beneath the gentle dignity and pathos of the old man who had come to plead for her help to save both his son and his ancient name from dishonour.

"First of all I want to thank you," he replied, "for having helped him when he was alone and friendless, for having, I believe, saved his life. I only became acquainted with the part you played in the terrible tragedy of my son's life a few hours ago. I owe you a great debt, Mademoiselle de Février—a debt, I fear, I shall never be able to repay in full."

Margaret smiled, and sinking into a chair, motioned Sir Hubert to one.

"You could pay me easily, so easily," she almost whispered. "Not that I wanted payment—yesterday. To-day I do!"

"How can I repay you? You can confer no greater benefit on me than by telling me."

"By letting me become your son's wife!"

If Margaret expected the baronet to evince surprise or anger or even horror, she was disappointed.

He only smiled sadly and shook his head.

"You ask the impossible."

Margaret laughed.

"You ask me for something I do not possess," Sir Hubert continued—"something it is out of my power to give you. My son's wife he must choose himself."

"He has chosen," Margaret said quietly.

"Ah, then you know? How can you, then, ask for the love he has given to another, how can you expect him to break a sacred promise he has made to one woman in order to pay another a debt—a debt of gratitude—which he owes her? Could you respect and love him if he did—surely not?"

"I do not ask him to break a promise—I want him to keep a promise!"

"He will do that, I will answer for him with my life," said Sir Hubert proudly.

"He promised to marry me," Margaret said. Hitherto she had watched the effect of what she said on the baronet's face; now she dropped her eyes.

Sir Hubert started, and his face changed colour.

"I was not aware of that," he said nervously. "My son did not know I was coming to see you, or he would have told me. I saw him not an hour ago for a few minutes only—the first time I have seen him for many months."

"You have just left him," cried Margaret, jumping up. "Where is he, how was he looking, what did he say?"

"He was brave and hopeful. Will you tell me when he asked you to become his wife, and if the question is not hurtful or rude, why he asked you?"

"He asked me two days ago." She paused, undecided how to answer the last part of the question. A glance at Sir Hubert's face decided her; she seemed to see Reggie looking at her out of his eyes, and the voice too was Reggie's voice! She knew she could not be otherwise than absolutely open and truthful.

"He asked me to marry him because he knew I loved him, loved him with all my heart and all my soul. I promised to take him far away where we could live safely and where I could make him happy. He does not love me, I know that; he was going to marry me out of gratitude perhaps and a sense of justice or duty. But I loved him; I love him now. Since he came into my life I am a different woman, and I cannot give him up. When he came back last night and told me he was free, I bowed to the inevitable. I told him that as he was innocent he belonged to the woman he loved. But now Fate has given him back to me, because his innocence is not proved, and he is not free, he is mine, and you must not, you cannot take him from me!"

"I do not want to take him from you," Sir Hubert said, rising and standing beside Margaret, and gently laying his hand on her shoulder. "Believe me, I do not want to take him from you. I only want you to take *him* from the danger that surrounds him; I want you to help prove his innocence, to make him happy, to set him free, to save him! And you will, I know you will!"

"To make him happy—to save him," she repeated with sudden passion. "Yes, yes, that sounds so simple and so just; that is what she said, the pretty little English girl he loves—to make him happy, to save him! But to make him happy for whom—to save him for whom—for her? It isn't just, it's asking too much. Why didn't she find and save him when he was an outcast seeking death to hide his misery and shame? Why didn't all of you proud people, his rich, loving relatives and friends, seek him out and hide him and protect him? Were you afraid? Were you ashamed?

"I wasn't frightened or ashamed. I found him by the river and I took him home—*to my home*. I fought for his life against one of your own friends, Fred Templeton. I fought the law and I fought Fate, and the devil too, who was luring him down into the depths! And I won him, and so he belongs to me. Even you, Sir Hubert Dreighton, must acknowledge that he belongs to me!"

The baronet looked at the wild, passionate woman, fighting for love as a tigress fights for life, and his heart was full of nothing but pity for her; yet at the same time his heart beat with but one desire—to save his son, and that quickly.

Still he had to be just and speak the truth without fear.

"Yes," he replied, "you are right, he does belong to you. By all natural laws he belongs to you."

"And what other laws are there worth considering?" she cried. "I don't know them and I don't care for them. Nature stirs in my breast, wild Nature it may be; but hers is the only voice I've ever heard, and hers the only teaching I've ever received, and she tells me to fight for the man whose soul Fate gave into my keeping, and to whom I've given my heart."

"Then won't you fight to save him, perhaps from death; certainly from terrible years of imprisonment? Won't you fight to save his name from dishonour and disgrace? For if we cannot find Bill Baily, or get sufficient proof of Templeton's treachery, he may be found guilty though absolutely innocent!"

"I don't know, I don't know," she wailed, turning away and walking distractedly to and fro. "Why don't you leave me alone, why do you all come to me to save him, to me whom he'll despise and hate as soon as he is safe? Oh, I know the world!" she cried, as Sir Hubert Dreighton raised a protesting hand, "I know the world and the world's way. When you've made use of me you'll throw me back where you think I sprang from—the gutters; you'll be ashamed of me and glad to be rid of me, to rid your son of me!"

"If that is your opinion of me—of us—I am sorry," the Baronet said quietly, taking his hat and stick. "It is useless for me to stay longer. I am only wasting your time and mine. And you can understand that mine is very precious just now!"

"Don't go; stay a moment," cried Margaret, detaining him. "Forgive me if I am rude, if I appear cruel and wicked. But everything seems topsy-turvy since yesterday, every man's hand seems to be raised against me, everyone is conspiring to take the only creature I have left in the world to love away from me. My child was taken, now my lover. I will fight for him, I won't give him up. You yourself confessed that he belongs to me."

"He owes you his life; a greater debt no man can owe. You think I do not realise how much you love him, but perhaps I do. You have known a parent's love, you should know what my love is like, for he is my only son. But perhaps we can save him without your help, save him from imprisonment, save him from dishonour. Good-bye!"

"Tell me where they have taken him," she pleaded, "that I may see him. Perhaps if I see him I shall become sane again; perhaps he will drive away the evil spirit that possesses me."

Sir Hubert Dreighton told her where he was kept prisoner waiting for trial.

"If you really love him as you say you do," he said, as he left her, "you will do all in your power to prove his innocence, not only to set him free again, that should be comparatively easy, but to clear his name from every stain."

"If I love him!" she repeated. "I hardly know what my love really is. I know nothing to-day, everything is distorted and terrible. So leave me, leave me alone, for I know evil spirits are in my blood and I can't help you. I can't save him. I can only hate—hate those who are taking him from me, hate justice and truth and freedom—and, most of all, hate myself!"

FIFTIETH CHAPTER.

A Dancer's Heart.

BILL BAILY had apparently disappeared from off the face of the earth! Private detectives had scoured England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; the Continent and America had descriptions of him in every bureau and police station, and agents of all nationalities vainly hunted high and low for the man that was wanted.

He could not be found, and Reggie Dreighton was due to take his trial in six days' time.

Margaret had seen him but once since his arrest, and then only for the space of ten minutes and under the vigilant eye of his janitor.

So the interview had been productive of nothing save heart-ache and misery. Indeed, Margaret had become seriously unwell, and been unable to attend the Alhambra, for though she danced the first week after Reggie's arrest she felt she was dancing at a graveside; always there grinned at her an empty stall, the stall he never filled! And the noise the orchestra shrieked across the footlights sounded like a funeral march.

In vain Monsieur Twirltorum tried to obtain a few minutes' conversation with her; she was always dressing or engaged. She spoke to no one, she moved as if in a dream, and when eventually the management received a telegram saying that she was too ill to appear, the poor Human Snake felt his india-rubber heart split in twain. He even plucked up sufficient courage to call at her flat, but never got beyond the door-step.

Félise had become a modern Cerberus, and allowed no one to pass beyond the sacred portals of her mistress' home.

"I am beating my head against a stone wall," Margaret cried distractedly day after day. "I am breaking my own heart and his. I am undergoing the tortures of the vile every minute of my existence; I know I am mad, foolish, wicked, but I cannot help myself. I can't do the right thing. I can't 'Play the game,' and yet I ought to, I want to. I know there is only one way to prove my love, and yet some invisible power seems to prevent my taking that way.

"Oh, Reggie, Reggie," she cried, in the agony of her loneliness. "Come back to me, for a day, an hour, and I shall be strong and true again, and I shall be able to give you up and save you. Alone, I am frozen, and there is no one to thaw me!"

Vainly she beat against the iron bars that surrounded her, and the more she struggled the weaker she became.

Ever since Reggie Dreighton's arrest Fred Templeton had been staying in his London flat, 99 Wellboro Mansions, gloating in secret over his revenge, and picturing to himself the agony of mind Violet was undergoing, the suffering of Sir Hubert and distress and rage of Margaret de Février. Almost daily he expected a letter from Castle Cowan or a visit from his wife, imploring him to save Reggie, or offering to make terms, but when the days passed and no word came he felt surprise which grew to anxiety.

He had made all safe and sure; there was no loophole of escape left for Reggie Dreighton, and not a scrap of evidence

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for his friends and relatives to pin their hope on. Yet their silence puzzled him.

The failure to find Bill Baily restored his confidence, however, and the huge rewards offered showed him how anxious Sir Hubert felt for his son's safety.

Fred Templeton was also employing men to find Baily's whereabouts, for if by any chance he did return and was fool enough to try to be revenged by speaking the truth and putting his own neck in the hangman's noose, Templeton knew his days would be numbered. Two very ugly crimes could be traced to his door—blackmail and attempted murder.

And there were others!

But Baily was the only man he had to fear. Margaret was a woman, and had no proof of the schemes he was foolish enough to tell her. He did not fear Margaret, but he was surprised that she had not come to beg for mercy for her lover.

He grew rather tired of gloating over his success in solitude; he wanted to watch his cold, proud wife writhing in agony; he wanted to remind her with his own lips of the day she made him writhe; he wanted to remind her that now she and her father and brother and all they possessed belonged to him!

He longed to run down to Castle Cowan, and see what was happening there, to gloat over his future possessions—human, real, and personal; but fear kept him away—fear of Lord Arthur Gorham. The wound on his head still reminded him of his sturdy rival's strength, and suggested that discretion was the better part of valour.

"I'll pay him out later on," he told himself. "I'll sell him up and kick him out of the country."

Meanwhile, as waiting was tedious and rather nervous work, Fred Templeton at last was tempted to call on Margaret; her sudden disappearance from the bill of the Alhambra helped to rouse his curiosity as to what she was doing, and he might glean a little information from her as to the part she intended to play and perhaps the defence the Dreightons intended putting in. It would be well, he argued, to have an idea of his opponents' hand before the trial actually commenced. He had no desire for an eleventh-hour surprise, and strong as he considered he was, he knew neither brains, money, nor influence would be spared by his enemies to bring exposure and disgrace on him, even if they failed to save Reggie Dreighton.

He was a little surprised and very annoyed when Félise shut the door in his face without a word of apology.

But he smiled grimly and rang again.

No notice was taken. He hesitated awhile, and allowing a decent interval to elapse pressed the electric bell for the third time. After all, only women were in the flat, so there was no one to make things unpleasant and kick him downstairs. And the determination to glean all the information possible from Margaret increased with her apparent objection to seeing him; he guessed that some of the Dreighton family had called on her to enlist her services in saving Reggie.

When his third ring was allowed to pass without any notice being taken, unabashed he rang for the fourth time, and presently heard a discussion between Margaret and Félise.

"Why don't you answer the bell?" asked the former irritably, and he heard the French domestic explain that "It was that most rude, undesirable man, Monsieur Templeton; that madame was not well enough to see anyone, least, of all him." But after a moment's silence he heard Margaret tell Félise to admit him.

She obeyed unwillingly, and Fred Templeton found himself in the drawing-room.

"Why have you called, Mr. Templeton?" Margaret asked, without offering him her hand. "I wonder you dare call after your last visit."

"I dare anything, as I should have thought you knew," he replied lightly, looking at her carefully, noting her loose teagown, her pale face, and altered appearance. There was no doubt she was ill and suffering; inwardly he smiled and congratulated himself.

"Of course you'd dare do anything mean and cowardly, I know that. But I fail to see how you hope to benefit yourself or annoy me by coming here again," she replied quietly.

He was surprised that there was no bitterness, no annoyance, no fear in her voice.

"Apparently my calling did annoy you, judging by the time I was kept waiting at the door, and the conversation I overheard before I was admitted."

"Oh, no," she said, with a bored laugh. "It was my servant you annoyed—have you fallen so low as to find pleasure in annoying even servants! Félise is a Frenchwoman, and possibly the French are more particular as to their visitors than the English. Hence her refusal to admit you. I apologise for her, though I cannot help commending her good taste. But since I have permitted you to enter, kindly explain why you have called."

"Oh, I thought I'd like to see an old pal," he replied, "I thought I'd like to know how you felt."

"How I felt?"

"Yes, how you felt about the way the game is turning out; whether you weren't sorry you didn't stick to me instead of trying to deceive me. Seems to me you made a mistake when you pitted your brains against mine. I think I'm winning! What do you think, what do the Castle Cowan lot think?"

"Oh, I see!" Margaret raised her eyebrows. "You have come to boast and to mock! I might have guessed it."

"It's all very well to try and play the fine careless lady now," he said viciously. "But you're beaten, and you know it. Doesn't your heart tell you so? Doesn't your glass tell you so?" he continued brutally. "You're beaten; you've lost everything! I swore you should lose, and I have kept my promise. In six days the boy you love, the boy you've risked your life and your money to save, will either be dangling at the end of seven feet of rope or else confined for life in a convict prison! Poor, delicate youth, he'll wish he were dead then. And you—where you will be? You're ruined too. The public don't like a dull actress or a broken-hearted dancer grown prematurely old!"

Margaret rose and walked over to where Templeton stood, and looked into his face.

"I'd forgotten," she said slowly, almost dreamily, in the old, soft voice she had almost lost. "I'd forgotten, and it is good of you to come and remind me, Fred Templeton."

"Remind you! Bah!"

"Yes, remind me. Remind me of the game we two played—the game for a boy's soul. Do you know I'd really forgotten all about it—I had so much to occupy my mind, and my heart." She gave a queer little laugh.

Templeton frowned and stared at her, puzzled. Animation had suddenly returned to her voice, life to her eyes, colour to her cheeks!

"Of course we were fighting for Reggie Dreighton's life, weren't we? In my selfishness I'd forgotten, I only remembered that I was fighting for his love."

Templeton laughed. "Fighting for the impossible, then; his love indeed, innocent or guilty, you'd never obtain that!"

"No, I should never obtain that, you are quite right. But I shall obtain his freedom. In a day or two it would have been too late, but your timely and kind visit has awakened me to my duty, has reminded me that I was absolutely going to let you—you, the greatest blackguard unhung, a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing—ruin the one human being in all the world that I love and respect and would see safe and happy, the one person I would give my life for."

"Your life!"

"The one person," she added, under her breath, "I would break my heart for!"

"Your heart! A dancer's heart!"

"Yes, my heart—frozen since I was a girl by a man like you, but thawed to love and beauty by an honest, true boy. That heart is going to save him, do you understand, even though afterwards it is trampled on and cast into the gutters. This morning I was ice, now I'm on fire, and it is you who have lit the flame, the flame that will perhaps consume you also! Yesterday I refused to help save Reggie Dreighton—to-day I am going to save him!"

"How?" There was scorn in his voice but also fear.

"By exposing the vile scheme you laid bare to me in this very flat; you made him believe he was guilty, you forced him to run away, you made him sign a confession of a crime you know he never committed, you—but why repeat the history of your crime? In six days I will repeat it all, before an English judge and an English jury."

"And what will the English judge and the English jury say to you, do you think; you who at one time were my accomplice in that very scheme and formerly shared in many shady racing scandals?"

"First of all," she replied, "they will say that Reggie Dreighton is innocent and free! Secondly, they will say that you are guilty—of how many crimes you and your Maker alone know. And what they will say next will not matter at all to Margaret de Février, the dancer, for she will have played the straight game—which Mr. Fred Templeton kindly reminded her she was forgetting—she will have played the game, and won!"

(To be concluded in three weeks.)

THE PERILS OF CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is a derangement of the digestive and excretory organs. When these organs become sluggish the bowels fail to act regularly every day and the waste products resulting from the digestion of food remain in the intestines, and therein create poisonous substances, which are carried by the blood to the brain and nerves, and are thus diffused throughout the entire system. This is the primary cause of indigestion, headache, biliousness, fœtid breath, flatulence, a feeling of abnormal fulness or emptiness, sleeplessness, nervousness, a sallow complexion, and a general feeling of being "run down." In short, constipation is responsible for most of the ills to which flesh is heir; and, procrastination in applying an efficient remedy may mean incomprehensible mischief to those who suffer from this complaint. The bile ducts become clogged and excessive uric acid is generated, which in turn produces acute rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, and congestion of the kidneys. Congestion of the kidneys is the cause of gall-stones, diabetes, Bright's disease, and vesical irritations generally.

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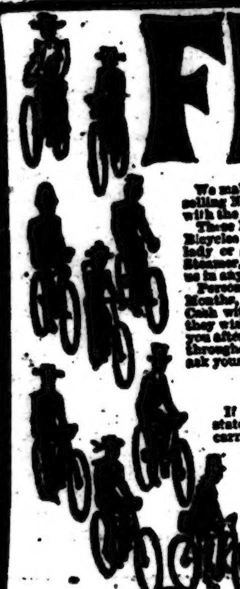

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space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

Verdigris on Metal may be removed by rubbing with liquid ammonia or a piece of fresh lemon. (*Reply to* F. C. G.)

To Prevent Blisters on the Hands. Rub the palms well with methylated spirit before using the hands and as long as any tenderness is felt. This is a useful hint to those who row much.

For Stains on White Flannels. I find this treatment as a rule quite satisfactory: Take the beaten yolk of an egg and apply it to the spots, let it soak in well before washing the garment in a tepid lather of boiled soap.

A Good Black Dye may be made as follows: To five pints of water add half a pound of bruised gall, a quarter of a pound of green vitriol, and one pound of logwood. If you prefer to buy the dye ready mixed you will find one of the many varieties sold now very excellent and inexpensive. (*Reply to* E. P. T.)

Cold Cream is quite inexpensive and easily made at home, I hope you will like this recipe for it. Melt together one ounce of white wax, two ounces of spermaceti, and half a pint of almond oil. Place all the ingredients in an earthenware vessel and stand on the stove to melt gradually. When thoroughly mixed, add two ounces of glycerine and twelve drops of otto of roses. Stir till nearly cold, and then pour into pots for use. (*Reply to* J. H.)

A Simple Pickle for a Tongue. Lay the tongue in a pan. Take sufficient cold water to cover it and boil with a tablespoonful of coarse brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one of saltpetre, and a clove of garlic. When all comes to the boil stir well, and when cold put the tongue in the pickle. Turn and rub daily for a fortnight, when it should be ready for use. Wipe off all salt, etc., with a damp cloth, and boil very slowly till tender. (*Reply to* EVANS.)

A Plain Seed Cake made as follows and carefully baked, will be sure to please you: Take three-quarters of a pound of flour and work into it four ounces of clarified dripping, lard, or bacon fat, add four ounces of sugar Scatter over all a heaped teaspoonful of carraway seeds, a good pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly together. Beat up one egg in a little milk and with it moisten the cake, adding more milk if necessary. Have the dough rather stiff, place in a greased tin and bake at once from one hour to one hour and a half. (*Reply to* ROMFORD.)

An Excellent Bread Pudding. Take any scraps of stale bread, only avoiding burnt crust, and break all into quite small pieces. Grease a pudding basin, and ornament it with strips of candied peel, currants, or raisins. Put a layer of bread at the bottom, then a little sugar and a little butter or clarified beef dripping, then some picked currants, then a layer of bread, and so on till the dish is full. Take enough milk to fill the basin and into it beat two eggs. Flavour to taste and pour over the bread, etc. Let the pudding soak for quite three-quarters of an hour, then cover with greased paper, tie a cloth over and steam one hour. Turn out to serve hot or cold, and you will have a very good pudding. (*Reply to* MOSS SIDE.)

Many Correspondents have Written to me on the all-important question: "How can they ornament their mantelpieces?" This is always more or less a difficult matter, and one is apt to get a little tired nowadays of the ordinary overmantel. The suggestions and illustrations which are given in this week's issue of that charming ladies' periodical HOME NOTES, dated June 11th, are distinctly original and artistic, and the draperies are admirably suited for the stencil patterns which were published in that paper some weeks ago. At this season of the year, when Spring cleaning is over and one is puzzling one's brain as to how the house can be made to look prettier and more artistic, this article on mantelpiece adornment will, I am sure, be appreciated by my other readers who have not yet sought my help on this subject.

To Stop a Mouse Hole Satisfactorily. Paste over it a piece of cloth which has been liberally peppered with cayenne. (*Thanks to* B. A.)

When Washing Muslin Curtains always rinse them in alum water, which does not spoil their colour, and renders them non-inflammable. Allow two ounces of alum to a gallon of water.

To Clean Your Frying Pan. Do not scrape the inside of the pan, for afterwards it is liable to catch or burn the pan. Boil it out with soda water, rub it with a hard crust of bread, wash in hot water and scour with a little crystal soap.

Dandelion Tea. Pull up six or eight dandelion roots according to the size and cut off the leaves; wash thoroughly and scrape a little of the skin off the roots. Cut them into short lengths and pour one pint of boiling water on them. Stand for twelve hours, then strain through muslin and the infusion is fit to use. Dose—a wineglassful. Do not make large quantities, as it will only keep for two or three days. (*Reply to* M. V. J.)

Broiled Eels with Herbs. Only large eels are desirable for broiling, and when skinned they should be boned. This can be done by cutting down the back and removing the backbone with a sharp knife. Cut them into convenient lengths, and rub the inside with beaten egg; sprinkle over fine breadcrumbs and some minced mixed herbs; season with salt and pepper and [illegible] until well cooked and browned. Well done or do[illegible] should always be the rule. Serve with parsley butter sauce.

Eggs and Cheese make a tasty supper dish when eggs are cheap. Spread the bottom of a china baking dish thickly with butter. Cover this thickly with grated cheese. Break sufficient eggs to cover the bottom of the dish, without breaking any of the yolks. Season all with cayenne and salt. Pour a little cream or thick white sauce on the surface, and then scatter grated cheese thickly over all. Bake in a moderate oven for a quarter of an hour. Brown the top with a salamander, and serve very hot with fingers of dry toast. (*Reply to* DUCHESS.)

Cream Cheese. Take half a pint of cream, the thicker the better. Pour the cream into a wet cheese cloth and lay it upon a dairy pan for an hour. Then take a perfectly clean knife and scrape off any cream that has stuck to the cloth and lay it on the top. Tie up the cloth somewhat loosely and hang it up to drip; open the cloth from time to time and remove any cream that has stuck to the cloth and place it on the top. When it has stopped dripping the cheese is ready and will turn out easily. In summer a few hours will be enough for this. (*Reply to* PLYMTRIE.)

Home-Made Vinegar. Take three gallons of water, boil in it six pounds of coarsest sugar, skim well. Pour into a common pan and when at milk heat put three pints into a basin and mix well with it a halfpennyworth of good fresh yeast. Cover with a cloth, and set this near the fire to work. When this is done add the small quantity to the larger, which should still be lukewarm. Stir all together and cover the pan with a cloth. At the end of twelve hours all will be found in full work. Let it stand exactly a week, carefully skim off the barm, then pour into a cask, cork it well and stand in a warm place for about four months. Then bottle for use. The barrel should be stood in the sun in summer. (*Reply to* MARDAL.)

Galantine of Fowl. Necessary ingredients—plump fowl, half a pound of fresh pork or bacon, half a pound of veal, two or three truffles, salt, pepper, mace, glaze, and aspic jelly. Take the legs of the fowl off at the first joint, draw the internals, take out the crop, or piece of skin at the bottom of the throat; break the backbone in as many pieces as you can with your fingers, turn the fowl inside out, and take all the bones out, take out also the top bones of the leg, leaving only the ends and wings to keep the shape of the fowl when cooked. After boning, turn the fowl right side outward, stuff it with pork and bacon chopped, but not too finely, some strips of the bacon to be left to lay in the stuffing; the cut truffles improve the appearance, but are not necessary. Season with salt, white pepper, and a little powdered mace, and take care there is no skin or gristle in the stuffing. Stuff and truss the fowl in as neat a form as possible, sew it in a cloth to keep it in shape, taking care to mark the breast side. Boil it in second stock gently for one hour and three-quarters or longer if the fowl be old; take it up in the cloth, place it with breast upwards on a board or between two dishes, place a moderate weight on it, and do not remove the cloth till cold. Then glaze and serve with chopped aspic jelly. (*Reply to* GARRETT.)

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.		1903. APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.
Good Friday	April 10.	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28	4 11 18 25
Easter Monday	April 13.	6 13 20 27	2 9 16 23 30	2 9 16 23 30	1 8 15 22 29	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29
Whitsun Monday	June 1.	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28	6 13 20 27	5 12 19 26	2 9 16 23 30	6 13 20 27
Bank Holiday	August 3.	2 9 16 23 30	4 11 18 25	4 11 18 25	3 10 17 24 31	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24
Christmas Day	December 25.	5 12 19 26	1 8 15 22 29	1 8 15 22 29	7 14 21 28	3 10 17 24 31	7 14 21 28
Boxing Day	December 26.	6 13 20 27	2 9 16 23 30	2 9 16 23 30	4 11 18 25	1 8 15 22 29	1 8 15 22 29

SHOULD COURTSHIPS BE BRIEF?

It Doesn't Do for Them to be Too Long.

THE length of that period which, ever since love first dawned upon the human race, has been, and is the sweetest experience, alike of man and maid, is a point not easily determined.

For example, there are so many good and sufficient reasons for prolongation of the happy courting-time, that it seems almost cruel to do, or say anything which should tend in any way to disturb the "voiceless dreamings" of countless loving couples.

We venture to think that it is, primarily, the irresponsibility of courtship that fascinates and attracts. The gentleman, though, perhaps, lavish in lover-like fashion, of presents, amusement expenses, and so on, is as yet relieved from the larger, and more formidable items of rent, household bills, and general maintenance. He, therefore, is somewhat careless as to the flight of time.

The lady, on the other hand, although, as a rule, far from being indifferent to the "good time" her engagement affords her, is infinitely wiser, in her faculty of being usually able to rightly appreciate the true value of the more substantial part of the contract, viz., the future home, with all its possibilities.

Plainly, she regards courtship, as such, as nothing more than a very pleasant preliminary to that other more prosaic existence which is to come.

Besides, how many long engagements have stretched out, until they have ended with life engagements—nothing more?

A young couple, say, plight their troth. In a year or so the young man goes abroad. The girl fancies she is bound, though she hears nothing of or from the absent swain, and mopes in silent, lonely constancy. With the man it is different. He travels, and generally forgets, marries, and is utterly oblivious of his wrecking of a woman's life and heart.

No! Brief courtship, and long, long married happiness, should be the golden-lettered motto.

A young fellow once met a girl under somewhat romantic circumstances. He, in fact, rendered her a service which probably was the means of saving her life. Calling at her parents' house the next day, to inquire as to how she was after her accident, his first impressions were deepened; the young lady also herself returning his admiration.

In a week they were engaged—in a month married, and to-day they are the happiest and most loving couple in the whole three Kingdoms.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU AS A PRIZE.

All About Our Startling Competition.

WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.

Below will be found a coupon, which young lady readers wishing to enter this competition should fill up and paste on the back of their photograph. This should be addressed to "Mr. P. Doubleyou, c.o. The Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C."

From these Mr. P. Doubleyou will select the young lady who satisfies his ideals in looks, and whose portrait reveals, after expert examination, the characteristics he would wish his future wife to possess.

NOTE FOR THE PRIZE-WINNER.

Remember that the fact of entering the competition does not in any way bind the successful one to marry Mr. P. Doubleyou if she doesn't like him after the meeting has taken place.

Again, should there be any hitch on the part either of the bride elect or Mr. P. Doubleyou, which prevents the wedding, the lady thus affected will receive a reward of £20 for being the most charming young lady amongst the readers of *Pearson's Weekly*.

THE WEDDING EXPENSES.—The out-of-pocket payments necessary on the occasion of a wedding are somewhat substantial, if the thing is done in style. The wedding in question *will* be done in style, and all the expenses will be paid by *Pearson's Weekly*. Motor carriages will be used, if the bride agrees.

THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.—There are several girls who would dearly love to enter the lists for this prize, but who are afraid the expenses of their trousseau would be prohibitive. We may say that *we shall pay for an elegant trousseau for the girl, who may select every garment herself*.

THE WEDDING DRESS.—The bride's wedding dress will be given to her by *Pearson's Weekly*. It will be made of beautiful white silk, and she will wear real orange blossom.

THE HONEYMOON.—All the expenses of the honeymoon will be paid for by *Pearson's Weekly*, and the bridegroom will be given a month's holiday in which to enjoy it.

THE GIRL'S PARENTS.—The parents of the girl selected will receive a cheque for £25, as a slight compensation for the loss of their daughter.

GIRLS WITH NO PHOTOS.—Any girl having no photograph of herself by her may send in the coupon alone, in which case she must add particulars concerning her general disposition and accomplishments. Arrangements will afterwards be made (should she be selected) for her photograph to be taken free of cost.

If there are any other points about which you are in doubt write to the Sub-Editor (who will be best man) *Pearson's Weekly*, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"Mr. P. Doubleyou as a Prize" Coupon.

Name .....

Address* .....

.....

Colour of Hair ..... Age (optional) .....

* If the fair competitor does not care to give her real address, she may give that of a *Poste Restante*, or of a friend.

THE PICK OF MANY.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

As briefly announced last week, we have paid two more insurance claims of £100 each, making the 481st and 482nd claims since the scheme was started.

The first is in respect of the death of an insurance agent named George Walker, of Rochdale, which occurred on Friday night, May 8th, on the railway line at Slattocks, near Middleton.

It appears that the deceased left his home in the usual way on Friday morning, and nothing more was heard of him till his body was discovered early on Saturday morning on the railway line on the Castleton side of the bridge which carries the high road over the railway at Slattocks. It is presumed that whilst crossing the line on Friday night between nine and ten the deceased was knocked down by a passing train and killed instantly.

The second claim was paid in respect of the death of William Kerr, a goods guard in the employment of the Caledonian Railway, who, however, was travelling by rail as a passenger. The deceased attempted to board a train at Beattock Station as the train was in motion. He missed his footing, and fell on to the metals between the carriage and platform, being killed immediately.

Copies of the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* were found on the persons of each of the above.

Below is a copy of the receipt from the next-of-kin of Mr. Walker. We hope to publish a copy of the second receipt next week.

RECEIVED this 21st day of May, 1903, from the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, the sum of one hundred pounds in full liquidation and satisfaction of all claims on the said Corporation, under *Pearson's Weekly* Insurance Coupon, in respect of the death of the late George Walker.

Signatures: BERTHA WALKER (wife),
6 Beswick Street, Rochdale.
G. A. WALKER (son).

Witness: ALF. W. CAVE.
Witness: E. H. PANTER,
Dist. Manager,
Prudential Assurance Co.,
Rochdale.

THIS week I am offering a billiard table (4ft. 10in. by 2ft. 8½in.), cues, balls, marking board, and spirit level, all manufactured by J. R. Mally and Co., 16 Goswell Road, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., to the reader who sends in on the back of a postcard the best Shakespearean quotation most applicable to picture puzzles and their solvers. Postcards should be addressed to the SHAKESPEARE EDITOR, and must arrive not later than by first post Tuesday, June 16th.

HERE is another way in which you can win a billiard table. The letters A B D E E E N R, when rearranged, will form the name of a railway station. This combination of letters is taken from the first list of similar combinations of letters in a new competition in SHORT STORIES. Competitors have to make the longest name of a railway station they can out of the various combinations of letters given. The first list was published in last week's SHORT STORIES, dated June 6th, in which full particulars of the competition will be found. Two billiard tables are being offered as prizes, in addition to valuable cash gifts and Gramophones. You should get a copy of SHORT STORIES now. The price is one penny.

"WHY do most of us suffer such awful slackness on Monday mornings, when on other days of the week we are fresh and active?" asks WEARY.——No doubt because most of us misspend our Sundays. A good deal more is eaten, drunk, and smoked on that day than on week days, and the Monday slackness is accountable as the result of that excess.

T. G. writes from South Wales to point out that the Japanese method of stamping the hand of members of the audience who temporarily leave a theatre during the interval has been in vogue in Wales for very many years. The system obtains, not only in Welsh theatres, but at concerts, eisteddfods, and entertainments of this sort. He says: "I think that anyone paying a visit to the Welsh National Eisteddfod will find this out, a trademark being left on the hand which cannot be obliterated for two or three days. A different stamp is used for each day."

"WHY do young authors consider their profession a beggarly one from a pecuniary standpoint?" asks H. F. G. H. "Do they not earn more than schoolmasters and bank and other clerks? What more do they expect?"——Of course, the literary profession is not really a beggarly one at all. There is as much to be made at it as at any other field of brain work. Why the young authors you speak of complain is probably not because the profession is "beggarly," but because they themselves have not hit off the tastes of the public in literary work and the needs of publishers. The literary profession cannot be profitable unless a writer has the business ability to suit his work to the open market.

H. J. writes: "I have some ideas for comic pictures suitable for a magazine. Should they be drawn in ink, or pencil, on paper or millboard?"——If you are clever enough to draw pictures for publication, draw them in ink on white cardboard, known as Bristol board. If the ideas are good, the editor may accept them, and give the sketches to an assistant to be "touched up." If, however, you are not trained enough to send in sketches for publication, you might send the outline of the idea in pencil, to be drawn by a staff artist, but paid for, probably, as though it had been your own entirely. But be careful to study first the things already printed by the different papers, or you will meet with disappointment.

"How many hours a day do such violinists as Kubelik have to practise to get their proficiency?" asks W. P.——Sevcik, the teacher of Kubelik and other famous fiddlers, is alleged to shut his pupils in a room and make them practise for fourteen hours a day. The result is that they overcome every possible difficulty in playing, and have been able to make the huge successes of the present day. Other teachers, however, hold the opinion that this tuition is a nervous strain, which wears out the violinists and often affects their interpretative power. Of the violinists who rank very high, four to six hours a day is regarded as ample. I have heard that one of the violinists of the fourteen-hours-a-day school is on the verge of nervous collapse through too much practice and too little rest.

H. F. G. writes: "I have just read a book in which the characters continually quote Roman and Greek writers. Is this really the custom in high Society? How advanced they all must be."——No; it isn't. If anything, learned displays in ordinary society are voted very "bad form" indeed. People rather go to the other extreme and knock out culture entirely from their conversation, so that a mere child would be at home with them. Don't believe one quarter of the things you see in such books about "lords and ladies." The writer was probably only imagining, and made the usual silly blunders. People with titles generally talk just like ordinary men and women; if anything, with less learning. As for quoting Roman and Greek characters in the course of a chat, well, I don't think the majority of "society" folk have ever heard of them.

"WHY," asks COCKNEY, "are Londoners laughed at for dropping their 'h's' and 'g's,' and for having other strange peculiarities of speech? Seeing that provincials have their own oddities of speech, why should London be singled out for ridicule?"——There is just a difference. Londoners' slang is careless and deliberately ungrammatical. It is caused by people being in too much of a hurry to bother about proper pronunciation. It is just the same with the Parisian's French, which is far from the best French, and the Berlin or Viennese German. The natives of those cities are just as unkind to their mother tongues as is the Londoner. The provincial, on the other hand, speaks a dialect peculiar to his part of the country, which is not slang, but simply a natural variant on the tongue, caused by different surroundings.

"WHO said 'Judge a man by his friends,' and do you think it is true? I know men who have objectionable friends, yet they are themselves the reverse."——It was Euripides who said: "Every man is like the company he is wont to keep," and I am afraid the Greek was right. As you say, you know very nice men who have very objectionable friends. So do we all. But depend on it, the nice man has some other characteristic which you do not know, and shares it with those objectionable friends. Otherwise he would certainly not be always in their company. But I would not agree with judging every man by his acquaintances. That would be too severe, for one knows a great many people one would rather not, and must show civility to them. When, however, they become friends, there must be some link which binds them to us. Either the man himself is very much worse than he appears to be, or his friends are very much better. Let us be generous and believe the latter to be the case with those of our acquaintance.

I CONTINUE to receive many good suggestions from readers, young and old, as to ways and means of benefiting the FRESH AIR FUND. G. S., who writes from a public school, suggests that every boy like himself should forego at least ninepence per annum out of his "tuck shop" expenses to benefit those less fortunate youngsters of the slums. From A. H., who is a commercial traveller, comes the suggestion that members of his fraternity should club together to increase the Fund. His idea is that all commercial travellers who read *P.W.* should give or collect not less than one shilling between Saturdays the 13th and 20th June. What do they say to this? Lastly, Miss A. Q. proposes that all those whose birthdays fall during the week of the current issue should send in, say, ninepence each. Well, such a donation would certainly benefit the Fund. Will those affected by the suggestion combine to carry it out?

HERE is another excellent suggestion, by which readers could either save money for themselves or raise small sums weekly for the FRESH AIR FUND. ELLESSES the other day was discussing business at a gentleman's house. While doing so his host produced a bottle of whisky and some cigars, to which he helped himself and his guest. After doing so, he placed sixpence in a money-box. When questioned by ELLESSES, the gentleman replied: "Oh, that is how I keep up my subscription to the FRESH AIR FUND. Whenever I help myself to some whisky and a cigar, I place in the box the value of both, and so raise quite a good sum, at the same time checking my own consumption of those luxuries." ELLESSES suggests that others might do the same to benefit the F.A.F.——I commend this suggestion to well-wishers of the F.A.F., to use as they like. At the same time, I think it would be a very good thing if those of us who took certain luxuries, such as alcohol or cigars, in our own home did adopt some such means of checking the amount spent on such things, even if we were unable to afford to hand it entirely over to charity when collected. Ladies (who, of course, do not take intoxicants) should drop a penny in a money-box every time they eat a chocolate.

Amount previously acknowledged, £862 10s. 3d.

W. Mather, 6d.; Ada Flynn, £1 1s.; Mrs. R. Damerel, £1; The Golden Pen, 1s.; Annie W., 9d.; Debtor to Providence, £1; G. G., 1s.; Miss Mills, 5s.; Mrs Milliken's Family, 5s.; D. F. H., 3s.; W. C., 9d.; J. Kellett, 1s.; F. Olford, 11s. 4d.; Concliffe, 9d.; Liverpool, 6d.; A. Waring, 3d.; F. Wills, £1; Milk, Palewul Park, £1; As Promised, 2s.; In Memory of a Dear Friend, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 3d.; T. C. Pakeman, 7s. 6d.; L. T. H., 5s.; N. Quick, 9d.; K. C., 1s.; Back No. Dept. S. H., 2s.; A. Roberts, 9d.; J. L., 2s.; Doris, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Hambley, £1; S. C. Foster, 5s. 6d.; J. Knox, 6d.; K. Cochrane, 1s.; E. P. Pochin, 3d.; Talbot, 9d.; Lewis B. Mortimer, £3 2s.; M. Chapman, 1s.; M. S., 2s.; Eliza, 1s.; Lizzie Torr, 2s. 6d.; R. M., £1; Louie and Laura Guernsey, £1; Isabel Hide, 1s. 6d.; W. Mettelholzer, 2s.; Italian, 9d.; Andrew Gray, 1s.; J. Richardson, 1s. 6d.; Countryman, 1s.; A. Gair, 1s. 11d.; T. H. Baines, 5s.; A Family, 2s.; Lazy, £2 2s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Winifred, 1s. 6d.; A. E. Kirby, 10s.; Green Fields, 1s.; Anon., £3.

COLLECTED: J. D. Godfrey, 5s.; J. Bond, 10s.; Members Manager's Mess Fanto Mines Ltd., per W. D. Lewis, £2 5s.; Crew of Steam Trawler *Sunshine*, 5s.; G. H. C., 1s. 1d.; A. E. Danks, £4 10s.; S. C., 2s.; Four Oaks, 2s. 6d.; An Admirer of the F.A.F., 10s.; Surreyite, 2s. 6d.; Edgar Haw, 3s. 2d.; Capt. S. Boden, £1 11s.; Tom Regamey, 15s. 6d.; K. Taylor, 1s. 6d.

Grand (*P.W.*) Total, £894 6s. 8d.

Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly* Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

RESULT OF THE "BILLIARD" COMPETITION.

THE billiard table offered in this competition has been awarded to Mr. E. Allen, 2 Walpole Road, Great Yarmouth.

£2,000 INSURANCE.

482 Claims already paid, including one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims to the extent of £2,000—not for one only. £2,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notice of claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address. Insurance ticket, applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland, issued under section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him or her at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he or she may be travelling as a passenger, the next-of-kin of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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